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TO OUR READERS.

THE article on the Spanish Succession, in our present Number, it appears, is somewhat premature:—his Catholic Majesty is spared to his adoring subjects yet a little longer. The article, however, being interesting in itself, we see no occasion to withdraw it.

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

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COUNSEL FOR THE CLERGY.

ALL is not over with the church. Let the clergy take the advice which we presume to offer them in this article, and if bright and prosperous days are not yet in store for them, we have no gift of prophecy. Providence sometimes uses the humblest instruments for the noblest purposes:—what, if it were reserved for an obscure contributor to a magazine to restore churchmen to their long-lost place in public affection, and renew the lease of the church-establishment just as it is on the point of expiring for ever!

Let us calmly consider what it is that has brought the church as by law established into that general contempt and odium wherein the dangers which menace it consist. It is simply, the belief, which has *injudiciously* been suffered to root itself in the public mind, that the principles of that institution are essentially anti-national; that the clergy are a body constitutionally actuated by illiberal and selfish principles; that they have ever been a barrier to the improvement of the country, financially, politically, intellectually and morally; and that they have never scrupled for the advancement of their own sordid schemes, to abandon the paths of morals, or trample upon the precepts of religion. With respect to the bishops, in particular, the empire *has been suffered* to lie under the impression, that their influence has never, except in rare instances, been honestly or patriotically exerted; that out of Parliament, they are as industrious in the service of mammon, as if it was to propagate the worship of that divinity that the church was instituted and endowed; and that in Parliament, they have always been leagued with the plunderers and oppressors of the people, in supporting every measure and ministry, by which most profit might be secured to themselves, and the great interests, not only of their country but their species, might most effectually be depressed and thwarted. It has come to be generally taken for granted that the church in all its orders, from the prelate to the vicar, has ever been the ally of despotism, the patron of abuse, the relentless persecutor of all, who, eschewing the ecclesiastical spirit, have put themselves forward from age to age to reform society or enlighten their fellow-men. History, it is asserted by many, and contradicted by few, contains the confirmation of this grave charge in every page; and even experience is boldly appealed to, as if our own times

were as pregnant as any with proofs of clerical animosity to light, and freedom; and affection, for ignorance and despotic power. The name of churchman, in short, has begun to pass current in our language as a synonyme, sometimes for a bigot, sometimes for an extortioner, sometimes for an overbearing tyrant, sometimes for a crouching and supple slave, sometimes for a revolting compound of all these base and odious characters; never conveying the idea of the preacher of a pure religion, a pattern of an unworldly spirit, breathing peace and charity, and believing with the "good parson" that of the revenues assigned him by the state

"Nought was his own, but all the public store
Entrusted riches to relieve the poor."

Now it is plain, that it is from the prevalence of such views as these of the church and churchmen, that the perilous situation of the establishment arises; and it is equally manifest, that if this state of the public mind be suffered to continue much longer the apprehension of danger will be dispelled by the certainty of ruin. How then is a revolution in popular opinion on this subject to be effected? This is the question, which, in our tender love for the clergy and all that is their's, we have with much labour investigated; and to which we venture to suggest, approaching such high and sacred interests with becoming deference, the following simple, yet we are vain enough to think, original reply.

We shall not condescend to prove that the charges commonly brought against the church, are totally unfounded; we assume it confidently: it is not only uncharitable but monstrous to suppose them true. Surely, if avarice was a principle of churchmen, they would not number amongst their patrons such a man as the Earl of Eldon; if they were justly accusable of political tergiversation, so consistent a statesman as Peel would scarcely be their champion; if their bent was to arbitrary power, the Duke of Wellington would never have been their friend; were they bigoted and factious, surely the Winchelseas, Bodens, and Kenyons, would discountenance them; were they the enemies of knowledge and improvement, is it credible that they would not long ago have been repudiated by such lights as Herries, Inglis, Croker, and Spenser Perceval?

Well then, assuming boldly the spotless innocence of the church and her ministers; it is clear that all that is wanting for her protection is to dispel the mist of error which not only hinders the public eye from discerning that innocence, but actually, as it happens sometimes with the mists of the material world, has the effect of inverting the object, and causing it to be mistaken for the most aggravated guilt. As to the safety of the church, it is precisely the same thing, whether she is really criminal, or erroneously thought to be so. She must not, therefore, rest content with the consciousness of her sinless perfection: she must take measures to prove and blazon it to the world. Thus only can she conciliate opinion; thus only can she ensure safety.

We are now come to the point. Away with false modesty! Let the church unfold her merits to the nation; let the services rendered by the bench of bishops to the interests of truth, freedom, and humanity, be hid no longer under a bushel, but trumpeted forth to all the corners of the land. Modesty becomes the mitre; but unseasonably exercised, that graceful virtue is a token of weakness more than an evidence of worth.

We say, therefore, again, away with it! Let churchmen assume that forwardness, we had almost said impudence, which is so proverbially foreign to their nature. Let the virtues which have so long flourished in the shade, be dragged by their own hands into the sunshine. Let the mitre no longer be satisfied with its own immaculate purity; but let it come forth with all its train of evangelical graces and excellences, and amaze the country by the revelation of its long concealed title to universal love and homage. But we mean to be more particular.

In the *first* place, as this is a calculating, fact-loving age, we would suggest the propriety of preparing returns from the journals of the House of Lords, exhibiting those large majorities of the right reverend bench, which (say for the last century) have uniformly supported every liberal and patriotic measure. The prevalent notion is that the bishops have, generally speaking, opposed all measures of that character; and there is no other way to remove it, but the production of the documentary evidence we allude to. Let lists, therefore, be immediately made out of those numerous majorities of the lords spiritual which voted in favour of the Catholic Question in all stages of its progress; which supported Romilly, and the benevolent reformers who followed him, in their endeavours to infuse the spirit of mercy into our laws, by abolishing, as far as possible, the use of capital punishments; which under the mild influence of Christian charity, and full of zeal for that freedom of opinion, which is the genius and soul of true Protestantism, followed up the liberation of the Catholics from the penal laws by the emancipation of the Dissenters from the Test Acts; which evinced their hatred of fraud and corruption by the alacrity and steadiness with which they assisted every effort for the purification of Parliament, from the disfranchisement of Grampound down to the completion of the great measure of the present cabinet. It is a foul libel on the bishops to say that on any one of those great questions they were not upon the side of liberty, humanity, and justice; but how is the attack to be repelled, if they or their friends will not take the trouble to meet it by a bold reference to *recorded facts*? There is no other way to meet it. Assertion without proof, will not answer; even could churchman be brought to resort to such a procedure.

Secondly, as the public is at present in *total ignorance* of the occasions, which must of course be innumerable, on which the bishops have strained all their Parliamentary influence to prevent waste of public money, to restrain ministerial peculation, to oppose encroachments upon liberty, to aid the cause of the poor against the rich, to promote other objects of the like nature, let another set of returns be immediately prepared and circulated through the country, specifying those occasions, at least the principal of them, and giving, by way of appendix, copious extracts from the speeches of those prelates who were most intrepid in denouncing a corrupt minister, diligent in asserting the rights of the people, or eloquent in defending the lowly and anathematizing the pride, insolence, and oppression of the great.

Thirdly, (if the work would not be too voluminous) we would propose a collection of all the sermons and pamphlets that have been preached or written during the last century, having for their object the defence of popular and enlightened principles, the conquest of bigoted prejudices, the promotion of concord and good-will amongst men of all

sects and opinions, in short the intellectual and moral exultation of the species. What a triumphant reply would not this work be to those who so confidently assert that the clergy of the establishment, both as preachers and pamphleteers, have been, and are, indefatigably sedulous in propagating all manner of narrow and illiberal opinions, both in religion and politics; and that the House of God has much oftener rung, and the press laboured, with effusions of a bitter, intolerant spirit, than with the enforcements of the evangelic lessons of peace and charity.

Fourthly. An immediate publication, to be called Ecclesiastical Biography, giving a copious and faithful narrative of the lives of those countless numbers of the clergy, particularly the dignitaries of the church, whose piety, simplicity, meekness, disinterestedness, and freedom from vulgar prejudices, and mean passions, are at present less known to the great majority of the Christian world than the abstrusest branches of modern mathematics. This work, no matter how great the extent to which the nature of the subject and the mass of materials may prolong it, appears to us to be indispensable. A few pages at the end might, for the sake of candour, be devoted to the memoirs of Laud, Magee, Philpots, Bloomfield, and the other two or three additional exceptions, that by close research may possibly be found in the annals of English episcopacy.

Fifthly. Since the characters of the English and Irish establishments are intimately bound up together, it would be adviseable to publish a more full and satisfactory vindication of the latter, than the multiplicity of their pastoral cares has up to the present moment enabled its own clergy to furnish to the press. All that is necessary is to remove certain gross mistakes, which it is evident have taken hold of the public mind upon this subject; for instance, that Ireland is a Catholic country; that the population is too poor to support two churches; that the wealth of the establishment is exorbitant; that a great majority of the clergy dine every day upon a larger number of dishes than there are Protestants in their respective parishes; and that there are twenty parsons like Mr. Boyton, for one like—like—one is so bewildered in Ireland amongst thousands of exemplary clergymen, that it is impossible to remember the name of a single instance.

Sixthly. A well-drawn picture of the melancholy state of Scotland, titheless, deanless, bishopless as she is, might do a great deal of service. There is a hasty but vivid sketch of her appalling situation in a printed speech of the present lord high chancellor, which drawn out into more detail might answer the purpose. A view of America under the same calamitous aspect is also a great desideratum.

Seventhly. It is a bold proposition we are about to make, and we have little hope that it will receive encouragement. Let the whole machinery of the establishment be stopped for the space of one year. During that interval let there be, as it were, no such thing as a mitre in the land, no dignitary, not so much as a rural dean, no payments of tithes, no receiving of rents, no renewing of leases, no hiring of cooks, no stocking of cellars, no building of barracks, no charging with cavalry, no shooting of farmers and their sons and daughters, no Stanley legislations, no Anglesey "gun-brigs," no white-foot insurrections; let the establishment cease to work through all its departments, religious, civil, and military, for one calendar year—it would be cruel to punish a whole nation for a longer period—let there be a general stoppage of

all the privileges and blessings that the empire, the ungrateful empire, now enjoys under it; let the church withdraw the light of her countenance from her children; and indulge them no more with the pleasing sensation of a churchman's fingers in their pockets:—need we prophecy the result? There is nothing like temporary privation to make men sensible of the advantages they enjoy. With what ardour, after a year's abstinence, will not the country rush into the arms of the church, and pour the tithe, perhaps (in the transports of their joy at this second restoration) the fifth of their harvests and their flocks into her maternal bosom! With what appetite will not the people then regale themselves at the tables of the clergy, not carnally like beasts, but spiritually like good Christians, at sight of their pious pastors, returned for the good of the people's souls to their Burgundy and venison. With what enthusiasm of joy will not the resurrection of the bishops from temporary dissolution be hailed in every diocese; and with what pleasing anxiety will not the gradual increase and improvement of their persons and looks be watched, until their cathedral chairs once more groan under their sacred bulks, and the rosy tint of prosperous prelacy is reinstated on their countenances!

Perhaps the mere threat of discharging the nation would produce the desired effect. Let it be tried: we fear, however, it will succeed no better than firing blank-cartridge on the Irish peasantry, which the clergy have now universally given up *as having no warrant in scripture.*

SPECIMENS OF THE PATHETIC IN CROYDON CHURCH-YARD.

DEATH little warning to me gave,
And quickly brought me to my grave;
I from my friends did quickly part,
And lost my life by a horse and cart.

LONG time I was a maiden dear,
Short time I was a wife,
I left a widowed husband behind,
And a sweet babe struggling for life.

THE WRECKERS OF ST. AGNES.

THERE are few parts of England more wild and desolate than the mining districts of Cornwall. Nature, as a counterpoise to the treasures which she has lavished on this region of her bounty, has imparted to its features a most forbidding aspect. Bleak and barren plains, unenlivened by vegetation, with neither tree nor shrub to protect the traveller from the wind that sweeps across their surface, and danger in every step, from the innumerable shafts by which they are intersected.

It is truly an inhospitable country; and the nature of the inhabitants seems quite in accordance with its unfriendly characteristics—repulsive and ungainly in appearance, disgusting and ferocious in manner, cruel by nature, and treacherously cunning. Not a step have they gained from the barbarous state of their savage ancestors. I allude more particularly to the town and district of St. Agnes, near Truro, and its people. St. Agnes is a small place, situated on the coast of Cornwall, about ten miles from Truro, across one of those sterile plains, almost covered with the refuse of mines, and perforated in every direction, like a gigantic rabbit-warren. The road, so called, through this waste, is little better than a track, which it would be difficult and dangerous to traverse, without a guide. Many a wanderer has found a nameless grave, by venturing rashly across those dreary moors.

It was late in the autumn when I visited St. Agnes, and it was towards the close of a gloomy day that I found myself at the residence of Capt. Thomas, so I shall call him, whose acquaintance I had made in London, and who had succeeded in persuading me, that the only sure way to make a fortune was, by investing a trifle of ready money in a copper-mine. He held the rank of captain by the custom of the country, as a mine is conducted, like a ship, by a captain and officers. The Captain was rather a decent specimen of his caste; for, where all are combinations of the miner, smuggler, wrecker, and, consequently, ruffian, a man even of decent manners is something. He had one fault, however, which I afterwards discovered:—he would have considered it a most meritorious employment, to have robbed even his own father, rather than not to have robbed at all.

Our repast being over, and I, like a witless booby, having invested my bank-notes in his pouch, in exchange for certain bits of paper he was pleased to call shares; and having received from him, in addition to such valuable considerations, the most flattering congratulations on the prospect of immediate wealth, he proposed an adjournment to the 'Red Dragon,' or red something; I almost forget, it is so long since; where he assured me I should meet a most respectable society, and where I might pick up much valuable information. They were all particular friends of his—captains and pursers of mines.

It was a dismal night. When we sallied out, a thick mist was gathering around: the sea was breaking against the huge rocky cliffs of the adjacent coast, with a deafening roar; and at intervals was heard the distant thunder. It was with no uncomfortable feeling, that I felt myself safely housed at the rendezvous of the choice spirits of the mines.

The party to which I was introduced was seated at a long deal table, in a spacious apartment, half kitchen, half tap-room; at the upper end

of which appeared a blazing fire, beneath a chimney-porch of a most ancient and approved formation. On one side of the room, a door opened into a small parlour, and in the corner was a little bar, for the host to dispense to his customers their various potations from his smuggled treasures. For, although it was not a trifle of Schidam or Cogniac that would satisfy these congregated worthies, I question whether the king could afford to pay the salaries of the commissioners of excise, if the greater portion of his lieges were not more considerate customers than our friends of the 'Red Dragon.'

The arrival of Captain Thomas was hailed with marked satisfaction. We were soon seated, and in a twinkling a large tumbler of hot brandy-and-water was placed before me, and a pipe thrust into my hand. The conversation, which was rather loud when we entered, was now suddenly hushed, and intelligent glances were quickly interchanged, which I saw related to myself. Thomas understood it, and said, "You need not be afraid; that gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and a great patron of the mining arts."

I then begged to assure the company of my veneration for miners and mines, and all connected with them. There was a visible brightening up at this declaration, and doubtless at that moment various were the plans of swindling and rascality which shot through the stolid brains of that pleasant coterie to put my devotedness to the proof.

"A likely night this, Captain Thomas," said a beetle-browed, shock-headed, short, muscular man, whose small dark eyes peered from beneath a brow of peculiar ferocity.

"Uncommon likely!" returned the other, "and if we should have a bit of luck to-night, it would not be a bad beginning this winter."

"Ah!" said the former, who answered to the name of Knox, "my wife says she thinks Providence has deserted our coast; we haven't had a godsend worth telling about these two years. I've seen the time when we've had a matter of a dozen wracks in a season."

"Well, never mind, Master Knox," said a pert-looking, snub-nosed fellow, named Roberts, who I at first glance took for an attorney, but afterwards found he was a mining-agent. From his more constant intercourse with Truro, he was rather better dressed than some of his companions; but his town breeding gave him no other advantage than a conceited saucy air. "Never mind, Master Knox," said he, jingling a bunch of seals which peeped from beneath the waistcoat of that worthy, "you have made the most of your luck, and if you don't get any more you won't harm."

"Why, yes," said the fellow, drawing out a handsome gold watch, which accorded curiously with his coarse attire, "I don't complain of the past; and yet I had a narrow escape with this; if it hadn't been for my boy Jem, I should have lost it."

"He's a 'cute child, that boy of yours," remarked one.

"There never was a 'cutter. I'll tell you, sir," said he, addressing me. "It's two years ago come December, on a Sunday, when we were all in church, that we had news of a wrack. Well, off we all started you may be sure, and the parson not the last, to see what it had pleased God to send us. We found on coming up, that it was a French Indian-man. She had gone to pieces off the rocks, and the goods were floating about like dirt. I wasn't long in making the most of it; and Jem was just going off for the cart, when I 'spied, half-covered with

weed, and hidden by a piece of rock, the body of a Frenchman. I soon saw I had got a prize, for he was loaded with money and trinkets. These I quickly eased him of, seeing as he'd never want 'em; but to make sure, I hit 'un a good slap over the head just to see whether the life was in 'un or no." [Here one or two of the auditors grinned.] "Well, I was just going away, when I see'd a diamond ring on his finger, and the finger being swelled with the water, I cuts it off" [displaying at the same time a knife of rather formidable proportions], "and walks off with my goods. I hadn't gone far, when little Jem runs after, crying, 'Dad, dad! hit 'un again, dad! he grin'th, he grin'th!' I looked back, and sure enough that rascally French thief—whether it was drawing the blood or not, I don't know—but he was moving his arm about, and opening his eyes, as though he were bent on taking the bread out of my mouth. This put me in a precious rage—these Frenchmen are always a spiteful set, and hate Englishmen as they hate the devil. So I makes no more ado but I hits 'un a lick with the tail of a rudder laying close by, and I'll warrant me he never come to ask for my goods."

The miscreant chuckled over this horrid recital with all the self-satisfaction that another might feel at the recollection of a virtuous action; whilst his companions, to whom no doubt the story was familiar, felt no other sensations of uneasiness at its recapitulation than from the recollection that they had not been able to do the same thing. Knox was evidently the ruffian *par excellence*. I beheld others around me, the expression of whose countenance would have hung them at any bar in England without any other evidence; yet none ventured to boast of crime; Knox was the only open professor of villainy, and seemed to claim his right of pre-eminence. I have been in many parts of the world, and have encountered ruffians of every country and grade; but never before did I have the fortune to hear depravity, and of such a revolting character, so freely confessed, so unblushingly avowed.

"Well, Knox," said Thomas, after a short pause, "so you have seen Hibbert Shear. How's poor Bill Trecuddick?"

Knox placed his finger significantly on his cheek.

"How," said the other, "dead!"

"Dead as mackerel," returned Knox; "you know I was in it, and a sharp brush we had. Poor Bill had three balls in him: he died the same night." A universal expression of sympathy followed this announcement, and various were the questions put by different individuals as to the details of his death. It appeared that he was killed in an engagement with a revenue cruiser.

"He was as likely a lad that ever run a cargo," said Thomas; "where did you bury him?"

"Along side of the gauger, I s'pose," said Roberts, who ventured a sidelong glance of malicious meaning, though apparently half-doubtful of the consequences. I never saw so speedy a change in any human being as that remark produced in Knox. In an instant his brow became as black as the storm which now raged with appalling violence from without.

"What hast thee to do with that, thou pert, meddling coxcomb?" said he, as he fixed his black eyes, almost concealed by their overhanging brows, on the object of his wrath. "Now mark me, Master Roberts; play off no more of thy jokes on me. This is not the first time I have warned thee; but it shall be the last."

I learned afterwards that the gauger alluded to was Knox's half-brother, who was supposed to have met with his death by the hands of his relation, and his body flung down a shaft near the sea, now known by the name of the Gauger's Shaft. What confirmed the suspicion was, that he was known to have frightful dreams about his murdered brother, and some said that he was known to tremble like a child if left alone at night. Be that as it might, however, a ferocious altercation was now proceeding between Knox and a friend of Roberts, who had replied to the other's threats, which appeared likely to proceed to serious consequences, had not the attention of all parties been diverted by a loud and continued knocking at the outer door. This seemed so unusual an occurrence that the host hesitated to unbar, for never was a stranger known to arrive at St. Agnes at such an hour, and on such a night too; for we heard the rain descend in torrents, and the thunder howling at intervals.

The knocking continued vehemently, and although we were too many to fear any thing like personal danger, yet I could see an evident though undefinable fear spreading throughout the party, sufficiently expressed by their anxious glances. In no one was such an expression more visible than in Knox. It was the result of some superstitious feeling, which the conversation of the night, and the awful storm now raging about them, had called into play.

The knocking was now fiercer than ever, and the host was at last constrained to unbolt and unbar: the guest, whoever he was, would take no denial. As the door opened, in stalked a tall, weather-beaten-looking man, enveloped in a huge shaggy great-coat, and a broad oil-skin hat on his head.

"What the devil dost thee mean by this?" he said, dashing his hat upon the floor, and shaking the rain from his coat like a huge water-dog,—“keeping a traveller outside your gates on such a night!” At this moment, during a lull in the storm, was heard a heavy booming sound from the sea.

“A wrack! a wrack!” shouted Knox; and instantly a dozen fellows were on their legs ready to rush forth like thirsty blood-hounds on their prey. “Keep your places, you fools!” cried the stranger, “if she goes ashore, it will be many miles from here, with the wind in this quarter.” They all seemed to acknowledge the justice of the remark, by sulkily resuming their places. “I’ve heard the guns some time continued the stranger; “but she has good offing yet, and she may manage to keep off. I’d lay my life she is a foreign craft, they’re always in such a plaguey hurry to sing out.” The company had leisure by this time, to seat themselves and resume their pipes. They likewise, seeing he was no ghost, took the liberty of scanning their guest. He was not very remarkable further than being a tall muscular man with short curling black hair, immense bushy whiskers, meeting under his chin, and large black eyes. Altogether it was not an unpleasant countenance. He did not apologize for his intrusion, but called at once for his pipe and his glass.

“Did you come from Truro side?” asked Knox. The stranger took a huge whiff, and nodded assent.

“Who might have brought you across the moors?”

“Dost thou think no one can tread the moors but thyself and the louts of St. Agnes?”

"None that I ever heard of except Beelzebub;" said Knox, peering from beneath his brows suspiciously on the new comer.

The stranger laughed.

"The path is dangerous by night," said Thomas; "few strangers find the way alone."

"Then I am one of the few, for here I am," said he.

"I've lived here man and boy these forty years," said Knox, "and I never knew a stranger do that before. And thou must be a stranger, for I've never seen thee."

"Art sure of that?"—Knox again scanned him attentively.

"I never saw thee before."

"You see then a stranger can find his way in these parts. I came by the gauger's shaft. Thou know'st the gauger's shaft," said he significantly.

"Hell!" said the other furiously, "dost thou come here to mock me, if thou dost thoud'st better return afore harm comes of thee."

"Thou'rt a strong man;" said his opponent; "but I'm so much a stronger, that I would hold thee with one arm on yonder fire till thou wert as black as thy own black heart. Come, thou need'st not frown on me man, if thou hast a spark of courage I'll put it now to the test."

"Courage! I fear neither thee nor Beelzebub!"

"I'll wager thee this heavy purse of French *louis d'ors* against that watch and ring that befits thy finger so oddly, that thou durst not go into yonder room alone, and look on the face that shall meet thee there."

"Thou'rt a juggler and a cheat—I'll have nothing further to say to thee."

"There's my gold," said he throwing a heavy purse on the table; "look at it; count it; a hundred as bright *louis* as ever were coined in France, against thy watch and ring, not worth the half," The eyes of the wrecker glistened at the bright heap of gold. "What is the wager?" he demanded.

"If thou durst go into yonder room, that I will raise the form of one whom thou wouldst most dread to see."

"I fear nothing, and believe thee to be a cheat."

"There's my gold."

"Take the wager!" cried several of Knox's friends; "we'll see thou hast the gold."

"Done!" cried Knox, with a sort of desperate resolve, which the cheers of his friends and the sight of the gold helped him to assume; and he placed the ring and watch on the heap of *louis*.

"I must have arms and lights."

"Take them; said the stranger: "but before you go, I will show you a portion of your property you have never discovered." He took up the ring and touching the inside with the point of a pin a small aperture flew open, and disclosed a small space filled with hair. It was not till that moment it was discovered that the stranger had lost the little finger of the left hand! For a moment all was still as the grave. A frightful feeling seemed to pervade the breast of every one around. It was as though the murdered stood before them to claim his own! The stranger broke into a loud laugh. "What the devil ails you all? are you afraid of a man without a finger!" and his laughter was louder than before.

"I'll not go into the room," said Knox, in a low broken voice.

"Then the watch and ring are mine," said the stranger. "You have forfeited the wager;" and he began to fill the bag with the coin.

"It's a base juggle to rob me of my property," cried Knox, whose courage returned as he witnessed the unghostlike manner in which the stranger fingered the money.

"Keep to your wager, man," cried Thomas, "we'll see you rightly dealt with. He can no more do what he says, than raise the prince of darkness himself."

"Will you stand to your bargain?" asked the stranger.

"I will; and defy the devil and all his works." He took a candle and a loaded pistol, and went towards the room. If ever the agony of a life were condensed into the short space of a few minutes, that was the time. Ruffian as he was, he was a pitiable object. Pale and trembling, without making an effort to conceal his distress, he paused and turned irresolute even at the threshold of the door. Shame and avarice urged him on. He entered the room and closed the door.

If I say that I looked on as a calm spectator of these proceedings, I should say falsely. I began to grow nervous, and was infected with the superstitious feeling which had evidently taken possession of my companions. The only unconcerned person was the stranger; at least, he was apparently so. He very coolly tied up the money, watch, and ring, in the bag, and placed them on the table. He then took two pieces of paper, and wrote some characters on both: one he handed to Thomas: it was marked with the name of the gauger: the other he kept himself. He advanced to the fire, which was blazing brightly, and, muttering a few words, threw into it a small leaden packet, and retired at the same moment to the end of the room. The flames had hardly time to melt the thin sheet-lead, ere our ears were greeted with the most terrific and appalling explosion that I have ever in my life heard, and as though the elements were in unison, a deafening thunder crash shook the house to its very foundation. Every man was thrown violently to the ground; the chairs and tables tumbled about, as though imbued with life; every door was burst open by the shock, and hardly a pane of glass remained entire. This, with the screams of the women, and the groans of the men, if any one could withstand, without actual terror taking possession of his heart, he must be a bolder man than I was. For several minutes (for so it appeared to me) did we lie on the floor in this state, expecting, momentarily, the house to fall over us in ruins. All was, however, silent as death, except the pealing of the thunder and the roaring of the storm; so that when the sense of suffocation was somewhat removed by the fresh air forcing through the open doors and windows, we ventured to hail each other.

It was some time, however, before we could get a light; and that accomplished, our first care was to look to our friend in the back parlour. We found him lying on his face, quite insensible, and bleeding from a wound in the head, which he must have received in falling. We brought him into the large room; and after a time, when people could be brought to their senses, we procured restoratives. I never shall forget the wild and ghastly look with which he first gazed around him. He looked around, as though seeking some horrid object. "It's gone," he cried; "thank God!—what a horrid sight!—who saw it?" "Saw what? who?" asked Thomas. "Just as bloody and ghastly, as when I pitched him down the shaft," cried he incoherently.

"Hush! hush!" said Thomas; "collect yourself—you don't know what you're talking of."—"Who says I murdered him?" cried the miserable being before us. "Who says I got his money? He's a liar, I say—a liar. His money is sunk with him. Let 'em hang me—I am innocent.—They cannot prove it." It became too distressing. Fortunately for the feelings of all, the unhappy man, or rather maniac, relapsed into insensibility, and in that state was conveyed home.

It was not till then that we thought of the stranger. No trace of him could be found. The money, ring, and watch, had disappeared.

Strange were the rumours abroad the next day at St. Agnes. Some men going very early to work, averred they saw a horseman flying over the moors, crossing shafts and pits, without once staying to pick his way. It could have been no human horseman, nor steed, that could have sped on such a wild career. There was another report, which accounted for the appearance and disappearance of the stranger in another way. Some smugglers reported, that on that night they saw a beautiful French smuggling lugger sheltering from the gale in a little unfrequented bay along the coast. It might have been one of the crew, who had made himself acquainted with the circumstances he mentioned, and which was no secret, and made this bold dash for a prize: but this version of the story was scouted, as quite unworthy of the slightest credit. The former was the popular belief.

If any one of the *dramatis personæ* of the above sketch should happen to cast his eye over it, which, by the way, is the most unlikely thing possible, seeing the great probability that they have all been hanged long since; but if by *alibi*, or any other convenient means, only one should have escaped from justice, he will bear witness to the faithfulness of my narrative; and acknowledge, with gratitude, the obligation of immortality in the Monthly Magazine.

SONNET.

HERE, in the shadow of this ancient wood;
Here may ye sit ye down, and meditate
The simple beauty of the rustic state,
Campestral peace, and sylvan solitude.

The bird shall teach ye, and the insect brood,
How Nature her own pleasure doth create,
In pleasing others; and, remote from hate,
Lives on, supreme in universal good.

Here shall ye commune with such spirits blest,
As speak through silence, utt'ring truths unknown;
How Love is sympathy, by deeds confest—
How Love and Charity are link'd in one:
Here may ye learn to live without a sigh,
And turn thy thoughts above, and learn to die.

THE FRENCH AND THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, September 15.

THE events of the 5th and 6th of June did immense harm to the republican party. The entire blame of the insurrection was laid upon them; and they were accused of being able to support their political opinions only by bloodshed and conspiracy. All the middle and commercial classes, together with the national guard, that had looked with feelings of alienation towards the government of the *juste milieu*, previous to the epoch in question, were led to rally to it by the events in question. Such a lavishing of blood to no purpose, angered every rational mind against the promoters of the *movement*; and Paris, instead of being indignant at the *martial law* proclaimed, and the councils of war, was rather inclined to applaud these anti-constitutional acts as measures of just severity.

With the lapse of time, however, divers circumstances have come to light, which have materially altered the public judgment. But ere entering upon these, it is necessary to premise, that republicanism in France is divided into two distinct sects and parties. These are the old republicans of 1791, admirers not only of democracy, but democracy in action, ruling by popular terror, lopping off aristocratic heads, and astounding the world by their cruelty and valour. Besides these, there are the theoretic republicans, who propose the American constitution as their model, who wish to have two chambers, the first based upon the possession of considerable property, and who, in consequence, are ready to admit the aristocracy of wealth, at least, amongst the elements of the constitution. They demand an elective president, in other words, propose the United States as their model. This party has Lafayette for chief, and the *National* newspaper as its organ.

Now in all consideration of the affairs of France, it is absolutely indispensable to form a distinction betwixt this honourable party, and the revolutionary one, who insist upon a single legislative chamber, who worship the *convention* with all its horrors as the perfection of energetic government, and for whom liberty has no charms, except in that frenzy of its first conquest and excitement. The *Tribune* is the organ of this party, to which the needy and the dissolute, and all the outcast portion of society is naturally ready.

The great difference betwixt the principle of these parties, it is needless to dwell upon more minutely. One great distinction not to be overlooked, is that, whilst the republicans of the American school lay it down as a rule to support their views merely by the weapons of argument and free discussion, their brethren avow, that their best hopes are placed in exciting the people to rise against what they please to call the aristocracy, of not only the higher but the middle classes. Lafayette says, "I am a republican, but my duty is to bow to the prevalent opinion of my countrymen, as it is felt and expressed by the majority. That majority has declared for a monarchy. I submitted and aided in uplifting the Duke of Orleans to the throne. I am still republican,—still profess my principles upon paper and by word. Whilst in act, every one shall find me a monarchist, that is loyal, and no plotter."

Thus Lafayette, Carrel, and the republicans of their party deny any participation in the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of June. Both, indeed, especially the latter, have been circumstantially charged with abetting it. But both deny, and both are worthy of belief. Revelments made in late trials, have come to corroborate their assertion. For instance, in the trial of the "*Corsaire*," newspaper, it was proved, that the famous Vidocq, together with his entire gang of the secret police, were engaged, disguised in these troubles, and exerted themselves to promote the insurrection. It is well known, that the great cause of disaster was, the lifting up a pole with a *bonnet rouge* upon it, which, could have been the act only of the republican admirers of 1791. And the apparition of this sanguinary emblem it was, that disgusted the national guard, and made them abandon the procession. Had they remained, the regular military or the police dared not do as they did, viz. provoke the crowd by a wanton charge, and thus precipitate the metropolis into the horrors of civil war.

When the chambers meet, we shall know more of these events, and of their secret or fortuitous causes. Suffice it for the present to know, that the French public have already changed their opinion on the subject, and have already recoiled from their sudden adhesion to the government and disgust of the opposition, to the very inverse of these sentiments. In fact, the Parisians have learned to distinguish betwixt the two classes of republicans, and have restored their respect to the one, whilst the other still remains the object of alienation and abhorrence.

There exists a striking proof of what I assert in the verdicts given at the late assizes. The *Tribune* and the *National* were both indicted and brought to trial; the latter, though the organ of the more moderate republicans, had articles inculcated, which were much stronger in indignant terms than even the *Tribune*; so much so, that the penalty demanded against the editor of the *National*, was death. The same jury tried both. Yet the *Tribune* was condemned without mercy, whilst the *National* was acquitted upon every count. This is exclaimed against by the ministerial journals, as the reverse of justice. And, perhaps, legally speaking, it is. But considered rationally, the juries showed signs of fully comprehending the duties and position. They condemned the organ of anarchy and of 1791, though it preached its doctrines with some kind of moderation, whilst the *National*, which preached its doctrine of a theoretic and practical republic, with a violence proportioned to its convictions, was greeted by a verdict of acquittal, liberty to pursue the course of its free, indeed, but not anarchic speculations.

This declared schism betwixt the two republican parties is to be hailed and welcomed by all friends of liberty and order, since it reduces the mere anarchists to insignificance, and deprives them of the support of honourable and high characters. It renders most unlikely any attempts at popular insurrection, and, by thus securing tranquillity, it leaves the public mind free and unagitated, to entertain and discuss the opinions that are presented. It may be long ere France shall adopt a republican constitution, it may be, that she will never do so, but it is of the greatest importance, that a party of theoretic republicans should be formed, in the first place, to offer council to the monarchic government, and to abet the development and progress of truly popular institutions; and secondly, that there may be a party ready, in case of a new political

convulsion, to stand forth and prevent the dissolution of society, or its fall into the hands of anarchists.

It may, indeed, be asserted, that republicanism should be crushed and cut away like a canker, with the knife of persecution in every monarchic state. Nor am I prepared here to support logically, that it might not be for the interest of said monarchy so to do, were the thing possible; or, could it be hoped by severity to extinguish certain sentiments. But as this is not possible, and as sincerity would increase the noxious sentiment and the professors of it, the evil must be tolerated. Of course, I am speaking of France.

The ministerialists applaud this division of the republicans. They think it will weaken both parties. It will, no doubt, for the present. But the object with the country, or with every philanthropist, is not, certainly, for the present, that any such party should prevail, but that it should continue to exist, to be represented, and to bring its views and its sagacity to increase the political wisdom of the epoch.

The general tendency of parties, indeed, in France, has of late been to subdivide. Let us take the Chamber of Deputies for example, and its original compactments of right, centre, and left. The right may be said to contain two shades of opinion, the stubborn Carlists, and those willing to be reconciled to the present monarch. The centres contain two or three shades, the *doctrinaires* at one extremity, then the Périerites, and the Bonapartists (likely to rally to Dupin). The left contains the monarchic and the republican oppositionists, Odillon Barrot seeking to head the first, though flung by necessity and by the tide of circumstances back upon his more violent neighbours.

This great subdivision of parties, which would constitute the force of a legitimate monarch, if one, who could reckon upon a numerous personal party, proves but a source of perplexity and weakness to Louis Philippe. He does not know where to look, on whom to choose. Mutual jealousies prevent the different coteries from uniting; the king is without influence to overcome these obstacles. Whilst to offend one, by preferring the other, creates him as many enemies as friends. Thus, Dupin will not take the ministry in conjunction with Guizot or De Broglie. Nor will Barrot with Dupin. The king presses upon each the necessity of uniting with the other. He presses Guizot upon Dupin, Dupin upon such of the Carlists as have been converted. But by no means can he succeed in putting them together. Louis Philippe is thus to be pitied and excused in certain respects for keeping a ministry at the head of affairs, contemptible for their incapacity and their lack of influence. The loss of Périer is irreparable. His genius and character did work a kind of fusion, or, at least, commanded respect. The *doctrinaires* dared not oppose him, though he gave them no employ. And Dupin could but show ill humour, without letting it assume the acerbity of opposition.

Where Louis Philippe, however, was decidedly and irrevocably wrong was, that, although knowing the counsellors around him to be mere men of straw, he still listened to their adulatory and absurd councils, and dared to take such extra-legal steps, as to declare martial law and place Paris in a state of siege. True although it be, that these measures did not at first excite indignation, except from the sufferers, still, now that people have come calmly to reflect on the *coup d'état*, (for it was nothing less) and on the source from whence its author derived

his power, the circumstances, causes, censure, and disgust. It strikes, not only as the insolence of a *parvenue*, but the ingratitude of a demagogue, that has juggled himself into authority, and converted the rods of a tribune into the iron sceptre of a despot.

Unfortunately, the king of the French is not in a position to judge of this flux and reflux of public opinion. His presence in the streets has never excited enthusiasm for or against him. The election being confined to those proprietors that pay 15*l.* pound a year taxes, is no barometer either. And, although the tone of the public journals might warn him, as the serving government cannot preserve one on its side, except it be of their own creation, yet, from a late expression of Louis Philippe, we learn, that he no longer reads the opposition journals. No wonder then, if the empty tribe about him assist the natural sagacity of his understanding, and succeed in persuading him to reign, not by virtue, and in the spirit of a popularly elected sovereign, but in that of a *quasi-legitimate* one.

In fact, the news, whilst I write is, that he has refused to cede a jot to the somewhat liberal exigencies of Dupin, and that he is about to throw the government into the hands, not merely of the *doctrinaires*, but of those old unprincipled triumvirs, such as Bertin de Vaux, and Talleyrand, men who have professed all principles, from absolutism to radicalism, and who really have but one, their immediate interest and hold of place.

P. S. There has been a curious and amusing scene yesterday at the Chamber of Deputies. Several members visited the new hall of assembly, and were examining the decorations, when they were struck with a gigantic statue of *Public Order*, placed by the side of the president's chair. What emblem, think you, this said goddess carried in her hand? An olive branch, say you. No such thing, but a bit, a bridle-bit, large as life and gilt, with curb and appendages. "*Pour le cou c'est trop fort.*" "This is too bad," cried the spectators, even though they were of the *juste milieu*. Monsieur D'Argout endeavoured to defend his emblems; but despite his taste, he was obliged to order the *bit* to be erased. So much for the *esprit* of the *ministre des travaux publics*.

ACTUAL VALUE OF ENGLISH NOBILITY.

"Nec nihil neque omnia hæc sunt."

Our first political maxim is "The greatest good of the greatest number;" therefore we are in principle republicans. This does not imply, however, a wish to see the American system forced upon our country. We are not shocked at the Americans by Mrs. Trollope's exaggerations. We admire the entire responsibility of American governors to their fellow-countrymen; we covet the transfusion of an equal responsibility into our own government. But we so dearly love good manners, and feel them to be so great an addition, nay, so essential to the happiness of life, that we eschew any such imitation of our transatlantic brethren as might tend to deteriorate our national manners, already far from being sufficiently refined. Instead of falling back to the American level in this respect, we deem it to behove us to aim at the standard of urbanity established on the continent of Europe.

Let not our brother radicals misunderstand us. We do not assign to *national manners* the first place in importance. We aim first at *national morality*; and, though we entertain the most sanguine hopes of our own rapid improvement, we regard the Americans, as at present, in this respect far superior to us. By national morality, we mean national provisions for the maintenance of truth, integrity, justice, and patriotism, in the conduct of national affairs, and habitual application of those provisions by public men. When we are convinced that the present forms, and fashions, and temper, of American society, are essential to the existence of this national morality, no one shall shout out so lustily as we will for a *formal* as well as *virtual republic*. Away will we then fling our attachment to refined manners. We'll be surly and insolent, instead of polite and respectful; nor shall taste interfere to prevent our spitting on our neighbour's shoes, or helping him with a fork we have just picked our teeth with. Public virtue shall not want a partizan in us, for the sake of any or all the conventional proprieties, in which we at present delight to indulge. We will, at last, if we find that the real responsibility of the American government cannot be grafted on the stock of our own constitution, cheerfully lend a hand to root up that stock; we will not then be content with less, than the entire republican plant, from root and fibre to branch and bud. But, under our present very deliberate and strong convictions, we do not feel ourselves disposed, nor inclined to encourage others, to affront and snub lords, nor even baronets and knights and men of fortune, by giving them to understand we are as good flesh and blood as they, and will not allow them to be in any respect our betters. We are quite determined not to let these men manage our affairs just as they please, nor, indeed, otherwise than as we please; we will not let them pay themselves, for any trouble they may take on our account, just according to their own estimate of their services; but we are desirous to afford men of family and rank in our country, the preference to appointments of public service, upon due qualification, and to pay them honour, as well as allow them liberal emolument.

As we have just hinted, we are not be-Basil-Halled nor be-Trolloped. We cannot lend ourselves to the impressions made on gentlemen and

lady tourists in America. The facts they detail we dispute not, however disputable; nor do we wonder at such persons being often displeased, and sometimes disgusted by the manners of Americans; they depict them faithfully; but we do not, therefore, conclude, as these gentlemen and ladies do, that all this ill-behaviour (always supposing it to be unexaggerated) arises out of the republican form of government. We rather deem both the manner and the form of government, to be equally effects of circumstances, which at first generated American independence. We require no more intimate acquaintance with Americans, than national history affords, to instruct us, that the impulse of these circumstances must still be in force, and that supposing, for argument's sake, any other than the republican form of government could have existed with such circumstances, still it would be unphilosophical to expect American habits and manners to be as refined, and, therefore, as good as those of Europeans.

It is not needful to refer to particulars of American history, in support of our opinion. We can, we are sure, recommend it to well-informed and reflecting men, by proposing the following queries:—

1st. Had not the Americans, when they first established their independence, reason to abominate the general system of the English government?

2dly. Is it in human nature, that the enthusiasm of such a juncture should allow a whole nation to stop at that point, beyond which aversion was neither just nor needful?

3dly. Is it, therefore, to be wondered at, that the Americans should, when they renounced the pernicious practices of the home government, have also encouraged amongst themselves *habits and manners of social intercourse, at variance with those of England?*

4thly. Have the Americans been long enough an independent nation, and have amicable relations existed long enough between them and ourselves, for us to expect their first pride of independence, and their first natural determination *against every thing English*, to have subsided?

Taking for granted that fair and reflecting men would answer the first of these queries in the affirmative, the rest in the negative, we cannot help believing, as we do, that under no form could American manners, the circumstances of the nation being taken into account, be expected to be now different from what they are, and that, therefore, it is unfair to connect their manners with republicanism as effect with cause. It is natural, we repeat, for the generality of men to estrange themselves from every thing connected with those they hate. It was, therefore, to be expected of the Americans to abjure the manners along with the political institutions and measures of detested England; and time enough has not yet elapsed for us reasonably to expect this spirit of entire separation to have subsided amongst them.

This being our view, we are sorry we cannot help taking certain facts, as related even by Trollope and Co., for granted; and we lament being obliged to confess, that we should not like to domesticate ourselves amongst Americans, till their manners are not a little altered.

We again earnestly deprecate a suspicion of reflecting on our American brethren, in a spirit of disparagement. So anxious are we to set ourselves fair with our reforming friends in this respect, that we cannot forbear, before bringing this introductory part of our subject to a

close, to add a little in extenuation of the bad manners which we are sure must prevail in America at present. This little will serve our purpose the better; because its tendency will be to diminish the amount of American responsibility, by taking part of the burden upon our own shoulders as Englishman.

Whenever we have heard travellers talk of the bad manners of the Americans, we have been in the habit of inquiring, whether this coarseness was observable amongst the members of the Union, without distinction of national origin? whether French, German, and other nationalized citizens exhibited the same peculiarities, which made those of English origin such disagreeable company? The result of our inquiries is, as we suspected, and hoped it would be, to this effect—namely, that the bad manners are confined to the Anglo-Americans. We hoped to find this the case, because, being ardently desirous of as much popular interference in the conduct of government, as is compatible with the utmost enjoyment of social life, we should have been very sorry to meet with evidence to the fact, that republicanism and refinement of manners cannot exist together. Not that we are desirous of trying the experiment of formal republicanism in our own country, till all means have been tried to bring our constitutional freedom into full practice; but that the fact of a *general* deterioration of manners in a formal republic, would have induced us to be more afraid, than we now are, of popular controul over government in general. We are confirmed in this view by the cursory glance we took at Mrs. Trollope's work; and are prepared to give it as our deliberate opinion, that, amidst the other various circumstances obviously obstructive of American refinement up to the present time, perhaps the main cause of their personal, anti-social offensiveness is the ill-mannered English blood that flows in their veins. We English have only of late emerged, through protracted peaceful intercourse with the continent, from manners, of which all other Europeans were wont to complain grievously; and, as brother Jonathan sprung from sires of this bluff and surly English temperament, and his being placed in circumstances generally very unfavourable to refinement, we deem him less in fault for his ill manners as an American, than as the son or grandson of an Englishman.

The other circumstances of America being then amply sufficient to account for its ill manners, the *onus probandi* rests in all fairness with those who assert republicanism to be the cause of ill manners: they are bound to afford us ample reasons for their opinion. This has not, we believe, hitherto been done. Captain Basil Hall's *gallant* assertion, as Mrs. Trollope terms it, that "*the great difference between England and America, is the absence of loyalty in the latter,*" does not prove the Americans to be ill-mannered, *because they are republicans*; neither does any thing advanced by Mrs. Trollope herself. Indeed it is satisfactory to us to be able to quote this lady's own words in diminution of the very impression she evidently wished to produce by her book. She says in the 65th page of vol. 1st. "I am in no way competent to judge of the political institutions of America; and, if I should occasionally make an observation on their effects as they meet my superficial glance, they will be made in the spirit and with the feeling of a woman, who is apt to tell, what her first impressions may be; but unapt to reason back from effects to their causes." Now we maintain, that this, Mrs. Trollope's confession, disqualifies her at once from all pretension to be, what the conservatives

wish to make her out to be, satisfactory evidence of the offensive and enjoyment-barring manners of the Americans arising from their political institutions. We maintain that the essential connection between republicanism and blackguardism, yet remains entirely to be proved; and further we make bold to set up for the present, till we find ourselves to be wrong, our own impression, in opposition to Mrs. Trollope's, viz. *That the false personal importance and rude offensiveness of the Americans is confined to those who have English blood flowing in their veins.*

Boasting, as we do, to be radical reformers, and still intending to argue against a close imitation of the American republic *as at present constituted*, we have felt it necessary to introduce our reasoning in favour of hereditary nobility, by a thorough exposée to our radical friends, of what we feel assured are liberal sentiments towards our transatlantic brethren. We will not flatter our brother radicals: we have no hesitation in assuring them, that we think them liable to exaggeration and prejudice in common with other mortals; nor do we believe we could get a hearing from them for a word in favour of nobility, did we not first pacify them by the unequivocal professions of a republican heart. We will not do our readers the injustice to believe, that after such an explanation, as we have given, any one of them could deal so hardly by us, as to throw us aside without a hearing, with a "This fellow has the effrontery to argue in favour of nobility!"—"He's a tory in disguise."

One particular then, in which our national society differs from the American, and in our humble opinion advantageously differs for our purposes, is *the provision of titular distinctions, as well hereditary, as during life.* We say advantageously, not with reference to present American circumstances; but, in so far as the American system may be looked to as a model for *general* government. Unquestionably, it would have been monstrous for the Americans to institute a nobility at the outset of their political independence; nor do we assert, that the time is come, nor indeed near at hand, when the admission of titles and privileges of honour, not of power, would increase the refinement and happiness of American society, without the slightest danger to the freedom and political importance of the masses of its population.

But, rejoicing in the existence of American republicanism, as of a treasury of the most serious and practical truths for the instruction of the old countries; and as capable, in the course of time, of being modified into the most perfect form of government attainable by human contrivance, we cannot for a moment entertain the notion, that its present state is exactly such as should be aimed at by the philosopher and philanthropist, as the ultimatum of civil polity. We do not say this in reference to its elective presidency instead of hereditary monarchy; nor to its elective senate instead of hereditary peerage. We do not think it matters to a nation who is the individual at its head, nor, therefore, whether he be thus elevated by hereditary descent or election for life, or a stated period only, when the nation has established an adequate circulation of opinion, and possesses legalized means of bringing that opinion to bear with due influence upon measures of government. And the same indifference we feel as to the comparative merits of a senate and hereditary chamber. We have not a word to urge against the American system in these respects. We are not convinced that these its provisions are essential to all good government under all circumstances; neither do we deem them incompatible with

the great blessing of a general refinement of manners. Our present objection to the American constitution as a pattern for us to imitate, lies not against any of its positive enactments, much less against its suitableness to the present, and perhaps, for a long time to come, future condition of America; but against its incompleteness; its insufficiency, in its present state, to insure the highest social happiness, which we believe the best government can confer on a people for many centuries established in national importance.

Absolving American republicanism, then, from the charge of generating ill manners, at present, (which we attribute rather to a very natural excitement against every thing European; the various circumstances obstructive of refinement attending the early years of national settlement; and perhaps, more than all, the rudeness of the English sires from whom the Americans are descended,) we still believe, that in ages to come, when the accumulations of superior talent and industry shall have become so much larger and more general, that a numerous body of the citizens shall be virtually distinguished amongst their countrymen, it will mar the social amiability and general happiness of the nation, from the richest to the poorest, to grudge and refuse these men titles of honour, to transmit with their gains to their posterity. We will now endeavour to argue our radical friends into our opinion, that at a certain and inevitable juncture in national advancement, a large body of men will feel themselves and families entitled to honorary distinctions; that it is inexpedient to refuse indulgence to this feeling; and that it is most conducive to the common good to gratify it by the institution of hereditary nobility.

"There are few men," says Addison, "who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure, in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him." Now, we are far from affirming that this appetite for distinction belongs to the highest dignity attainable by human nature; we are well aware, that the more really worthy a man is of estimation, the less careful is he for mere external signs of it. But in arguing for the institution of nobility, we are not providing for a nation of philosophers, of men bent upon the moral elevation of character to the high standard of self-respect, the attainment of which, in conjunction with the regards of an intellectual and moral circle of associates, might afford sufficient encouragement to the utmost exertion of human energies. We have in view, on the contrary, a laborious, and busy, and accumulating society; intelligent, and capable of mental refinement to a certain extent, as the average wisdom of the world increases, but not adequately for the attainment of a real indifference to the admiration of the undiscerning multitude. The vulgar appetite for distinction, which Addison has, we think, well described, is surely too prevalent in human nature to be subdued by any but the purest and severest discipline of philosophy. And can any man contemplate a period at which the world will afford such a discipline to the mass of any nation? We will yield to no one in ardent and sanguine expectations of the very great advancement of the

intellectual and spiritual part of human nature throughout the masses of society, ere the final scene of this world shall be closed ; but we cannot believe that the provision for the natural and artificial wants and tastes of animal and sensual man, can ever be supplied with such comparatively slight labour, as to leave the multitude of those engaged in the supply, in the possession of leisure for attaining a just and regulating philosophy. We allude not merely to the labourers and underlings engaged in the world of business, but to their employers also ; including even the highest grades of merchants, and tradesmen, and agriculturists, all men, in short, whose minds are unavoidably much occupied in forwarding the pursuits of business. We deem it, then, absurd, to expect that the mere reiteration, by one part of the community, of sentiments and precepts asserting the intrinsic equality of men, except in morals and talents, can ever avail to expel from the hearts of another part the vulgar desire of distinction. And if this desire cannot be expelled from the breast of mankind in general, but must in some way or other always influence the masses of society, what is the character it will assume in any nation old enough to possess a numerous body of citizens, able, through their wealth, to live without those laborious exertions, which all mankind are desirous to escape from ? Surely such men must feel entitled to take class above those who are aiming at what themselves have already attained ; and therefore they must be desirous (always remembering they are not philosophers) of obtaining acknowledged distinctions to set their claims to respect above the attacks of ignorant envy and disappointed ambition ; desirous, that is to say, of being formed into a class of hereditary nobles.

We take for granted our readers will admit the above to be true, as regards the wishes and pretensions of a numerous and important portion of society at a certain stage of civil progress. We think unprejudiced philosophy must admit, moreover, that *this obviously natural claim for distinction ought, because it is natural, to be indulged, unless it can be made to appear to be essentially injurious to the general interest to indulge it.* Proceed we next to combat the only objection we have ever met with, to this indulgence.

It is not, in our view, a valid argument against hereditary distinctions, that they are not often deserved by the individuals who bear them : that the titled man is, nine times out of ten, an ordinary person. This objection against titles would lie equally against the common courtesies of civilized intercourse. It is not true, for instance, that I am a man's obedient servant, because I subscribe myself to that effect in a letter ; nor is any real respect for intrinsic qualities signified by the bowings, and greetings, and voluntary concessions and subserviencies of polite society. Still there is no moral impropriety, no violation of rectitude in these civilities, because no one looks for, or pretends to truth, in receiving and rendering them. We are not arguing for hereditary distinctions as exponents of personal merit ; but as a humane and politic concession to the natural wishes of a numerous body, whose own or whose ancestors' exertions, or good fortune, have raised them fairly above the labours and privations, from which all men covet exemption. The fact that society has found it necessary, for comfort and enjoyment sake, to establish the system of conventional proprieties, above instanced, strikes us as very strong evidence indeed in favour of hereditary nobility. We here find an admission, that social intercourse requires an abandonment

of abstract rights, and personal claims to merit in individuals, in order to guard against the interruption of the general harmony and enjoyment, by the out-burstings of arrogant, unrefined selfishness; and is it not likely, then, nay, is it not certain, that the same reason exists, arising out of the same inherent properties of human nature, for establishing a similar system of conventional respect and concession in the grand political society of a nation? What an odious character is that man in private life, who is nice and fastidious in his estimate of the intrinsic worth of those into whose company he is thrown! How completely, in a small party, where only one conversation can be held at a time, and all are concerned in it, does the presence of such a wretch mar the enjoyment of an evening! How often cannot one help lamenting, that the wariness of such an individual prevents his committing some overt act of inhumanity and uncharitableness, to justify one's pitching him neck and crop out of the nearest window, if with a pond under it, so much the better! Entire radicals as we are, and bent upon treading hard upon the aristocratic toe, whenever we find it out of its own proper shoe, we feel the same sort of disgust we have just expressed, at those of our political party who deny the claims of nobility to any degree of respect, beyond the exact sum due to their intrinsic moral and intellectual worth. We deem this over scrupulousness inhuman and uncharitable, and based upon an assumption which no candid and modest man would wish to admit for his own sake, namely, that men are able to decide with exact justice upon each other's merits, and warranted in withholding all consideration from such as they do not think quite deserving.

The objection of danger to the greatest good of the greatest number, from admitting a large body of men into classes of distinction, inasmuch as the objection is founded on humanity, is one which we respect, and which, if we could not quite satisfy ourselves of its invalidity, would entirely change our opinion.

Some years back, we admit, the aspect of our political world was so unpromising, and the evil of aristocracy so great, and so apparently irremediable, that no slight penetration was required to discern any good in nobility at all. We ourselves, in the course of our political education, remained for some time on that stage of inquiry, where the question to be got rid of was—Whether, those of office excepted, any other distinctions are advisable in political society, than such as property, and talent, and virtue may gain for themselves? We proceeded onward from that stage, with a conviction, that the institution of nobility is to be maintained; and subsequent years have confirmed this conviction. In some articles, in late numbers of the *Monthly*, on the Depreciation of the English Nobility, the running purport of the argument we maintained tends directly to disprove the objection of danger from hereditary distinctions. We refer our readers to those articles, for what we deem conclusive evidence of the impotency of nobility to maintain much longer any greater consequence than the people of England may be inclined to award it. We will only here add, that if noblemen should persevere in annoying us only a little longer, our friends of the newspaper press could soon quiet them, for good and all, by triennial parliaments with the ballot, or with a much more extended suffrage. We never fully appreciated the merits of our constitution, till the Reform Bill made them manifest. We are now quite sure, that it contains within it the means of curing all evil, and ensuring all good. We now perceive

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it to be as superior for the objects of an old country, as the American system has hitherto proved itself for those of a new. Talk to us of the danger, forsooth, of a nobility, in this age of circulating opinion, and after the defeat of the boroughmongers, ever again playing off its fantastic selfishness, in defiance of the laws of God and the common sense of man, to the detriment of that society which called it into existence. We laugh outright at the notion. A pretty display the noble puppies have lately made in the clutches of the popular lion! Have we not found out, plainly enough, which is the stronger? And now that the rotten borough kennel is closed for ever, need the powerful beast concern himself to crush the few yelping hounds that may now and then make a shew of contending with him, for fear of the *possible* mischief they may do him? No, no; *upon whatever other grounds it might be deemed inexpedient to maintain the institution of nobility, the pretence of fear from it, for French, or English, or American freedom, is now, thank heaven, idle.*

But there are amongst our radical party, as well as amongst the conservatives, men over cautious, and suspicious of possible evil, who will argue against trusting too much to the present political phenomena of the world. These persons may be aptly termed historical, in contradistinction to actual reasoners. They will argue, (when you point out to them the universal impotency of privileged classes to do mischief, wherever the popular opinion is freely and widely circulated, and constitutionally represented,) that history tells but one tale respecting the danger to liberty and happiness from aristocracy; that what has so frequently occurred to the nations of old, may occur again; that it is imprudent, therefore, to be content with scotching the aristocratical serpent now we have him in our power; that having at last succeeded in breaking his tail-joint, and stopping his progress, it behoves us, for security sake, to smash his head outright, lest, when we least suspect it, he should turn again and bite us. Now, as we have in society often maintained against conservatives of this scholastic and historical class, so do we now against radicals of the like complexion, that the only man we recognize as a competent politician, is he who has arrived at the common and invariable properties of mankind, not by the synthetical process of history, but by a careful analysis of the human composition in its present state. We deem him only entitled to attention on the general subject of politics, who, though he is acquainted with the history of man in time past, is still better acquainted with man himself in time present; who, knowing that in many respects men of all ages are alike, knows how powerful are circumstances to make them unlike also. On the judgment of any such politician we would confidently rely for a favourable award: we are certain he would support our opinion, that it is absurd to argue from times antecedent to the art of printing, or from countries in which the freedom of the press is not yet established, and where popular opinion has no constitutional organ, to such times as are now come upon France, England, and America, and such circumstances as are peculiar to their political condition. And, if we are at liberty to provide for the future, by observation of the present, rather than by study of the old world, is there a man amongst us, who can candidly avow himself afraid of any danger to our liberties from an hereditary nobility? We cannot believe there is. We will not mince the matter with our brother radicals: we tell them plainly, that whenever we find an intelligent man amongst them advocating the destruction of nobility,

however, to gain his point, he may enlarge upon the topic of danger, we do not, we cannot, give him credit for sincerity. We consider him affected by the common weakness, especially under circumstances of great excitement, of assigning a different motive for the accomplishment of a desired end, than the one which really influences; we set him down for wishing, not to save his country from a possible danger, but to wreak his vengeance on nobility for the political miseries they have brought upon us. Our preceding articles on the subject of nobility will prove us to be fully alive to the delinquencies of our titled brethren. We have not a word to say in their favour. Whatever punishment might be inflicted upon them, we think they would richly deserve. We are not arguing now for them, but for ourselves; that the future growth of England in prosperity and happiness may not be stunted and deformed by the pestilential blight of ill manners; that the urbanity of political, as well as social intercourse, may be shielded from the ungenial blasts of unfounded and inhuman popular pretensions.

A word or two more, and we have done.

Hereditary distinctions promote outlay in the encouragement of the arts and sciences. Men of wealth will not expend upon articles of taste and display, if by so doing they only exasperate their fellow-citizens into louder assertions of the equality of all men. If they cannot obtain from the state a formal recognition of their being, *in a political sense*, the superiors of those they employ, they will accommodate themselves to circumstances, and stopping short of the pleasures of refined taste, shut themselves up, and wallow in their sties amidst gross sensual indulgences.

The due exertion of national energies requires some generally coveted and attainable premium to excite it. The dignities and emoluments of office will not supply this excitement, because office can fall to the lot of comparatively very few. The prospect of wealth will stimulate some for luxury's sake; others for the mere love of possessing it; but, after independence and competency have been attained, the only universal incentive to exertion is the desire of distinction, or more than the average share of the world's attention and respect. This distinction cannot be obtained in a free country, but by interposition of the governing power, confirming by its mandate the right of the possessors of what the world deems good, to honorary distinction from those who have not yet succeeded in their pursuit of it.

Those who have accumulated, will, it is true, whether ennobled or not, consider themselves the superiors in society; but in a free state, superiority will not be allowed them beyond the circle of their own dependents, unless the governing power ratify the claim: for as it is natural to claim respect, in those who possess, so is it a satisfaction to those who possess not, to refuse it. Men who have no hopes of succeeding themselves, are prone to delight in diminishing the success of their neighbours. Thus, unless the governing power interfere to settle the dispute, it is impossible for the rich and poor, in a free country, to regard each other with kindness. Wherever there are many wealthy men, enabled by their property to live differently from the multitude, they will withdraw from all communion with it, if they are taunted with rude pretensions to equality. We may be quite sure, without having travelled in America, that there cannot be so good an understanding there, between the wealthy and working classes, as there is in England

even now ; much less as there may be, when our working classes have had the justice done them, which assuredly ere long they will have. As the numbers of the wealthy increase in America, the misunderstanding will become more general ; till at last it will be found desirable to shield the wealthy from gratuitous churlishness and uncharitable presumption, by admitting them to constitutional privileges of honour.

It is very common to see zealous and well-intentioned members of our radical party, in the course of an argument against nobility, excite themselves almost into fury at what they pronounce the gross absurdity of pretensions to respect, on the ground of family antiquity. Certainly, no one has the least warrant to think himself, on this ground, privileged to encroach upon the interests or convenience of society ; and he is a silly man, whoever he may be, that thinks his long pedigree can be an object of much interest except to himself and family, and the heralds whom he pays for making it out or registering it. But we protest against utterly excluding antiquity of descent from the circumstances contributing to social precedence. If at any time the possession of enough of the things which all men covet, to live independently of the exertions which all men are glad to escape from, constitutes a fair claim to a certain preference in society, we maintain it to belong to natural piety to derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that one's ancestors, for many generations, have been entitled to this preference. And whatever it is natural for a good man to feel, we are quite sure it is incumbent on his fellow-citizens to respect. It is in vain to assert, that regard for antiquity is a foible, and ought to fade away before the light of philosophy. Philosophy will indeed teach us not to yield to our feelings, to the detriment of our substantial interests : and will thus save us from the fatal errors into which a blind veneration for antiquity leads conservatives. But genuine philosophy will never recommend us to smother harmless and natural feelings, such as, amongst a host of others incidental to civilized life, is that which arises from the social distinction of our progenitors.

Amongst the sentences of our old school-books into which maturer years have given us a more accurate insight, is the trite one from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, "*Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi. Vix ea nostra voco.*" We used to take for granted the poet meant to express an unqualified contempt for the credit of ancestry. We have since more duly recognized the force of the adverb *vix*. It implies that the descendant has a certain vested right in the credit of his ancestors, though not enough to rest a claim upon for any social consideration, in comparison with the actual benefactor of the present day. The same is the purport of the motto we have chosen—" *Nec nihil neque omnia hæc sunt ;*" that is to say, " Though nobility be not the most important institution of an old country like England, it is of too much consequence to be despised."

CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC-HATER.

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“ Music has charms,” &c.
—

CONGREVE ! you live. Music had no charms for some of the greatest men that ever lived ; for instance Burke, Fox, Windham, Swift, Johnson ; and what is more, Mr. Congreve, it has none for me. To be plain with you, I hate it more than Hotspur hated poetry ; and am of opinion that Collin’s “ heavenly maid ” was no very distant relative of the three Furies. No music for me but that of the spheres, which has one pleasing peculiarity I never yet met with in any of the melodies of earth—it is imperceptible to the sense of hearing.

Now, dear Mr. Editor ! do not give yourself the trouble : I know what you are about to say—

The man that has not music in his soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, &c.

Why, there is not a boarding-school miss of all my acquaintance that has not dinned that luckless quotation into my ear at least one hundred times ; and it happens to be remarkably ill-chosen, for in the first place I have no objection to any gentleman or lady having as much music in their souls as they like, provided they keep it there, and do not try to force it into mine ; and, secondly, I can solemnly assure you, there is not in the world a person who has been more *moved* by the “ concord of sweet sounds,” as you call it, than I myself, for pianos, barrel-organs, and ballad-singers have not only *moved* my choler, but compelled me to move my residence oftener than I could tell you in a long winter’s night.

The best and greatest king that England ever had was decidedly Edward I. He did exactly as I should do, had I the crown on my head, and the sword of justice in my hand, for one month : he made a general persecution and havoc of all the bards and minstrels, in other words, of all the musicians vocal and instrumental in his dominions. He did well ; and I honour him with all my heart and soul. Heavens ! how I should rejoice to see the return of those days. Then should I be revenged on the Barnetts, and the Bishops, and the Brahams, and the Paganinis, and the Pastas. What a glorious sight it would be to see a regiment of heavy dragoons amongst the Russian horn band, hewing and cutting the miscreants down in every direction ; or to see a battalion of the Guards with fixed bayonets charge the orchestra of the King’s Theatre, and in the middle of one of their infernal overtures, put them to indiscriminate slaughter, from the first violin down to the last bagpipe ! Companies of light horse might be employed to massacre all stragglers and street-performers, while the police might break into the boarding schools and academies, strangle all the young ladies they find at the harp or piano-forte, and take the masters and professors alive to be put to death at leisure by the slowest and most ingenious tortures. Were I a monarch I would order all this and more ; so utterly do I loathe and abhor the whole singing, scraping, blowing, thumping fraternity. I would inspire another Gray with another

“ Ruin seize thee, ruthless king ! ”

and delight in imagining some future Scott, whining over a solitary

ballad-singer, escaped the general carnage, and exclaiming in pitiful strains,

"The bigots of the iron time
Pronounced his harmless art a crime."

Harmless art! the art of a fiddler, or an organ-grinder, a harmless art! Pray, Sir Poet! what may be your opinion of the profession of a cutpurse and incendiary?

Suppose we were to try our hand at the "Lay of the last Thief:" we have no doubt we could make an excellent ditty of it.

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The thief was hungry, weak, and old;
The last of all the thieves was he
Who filched a watch, or forged a key;
For, well-a-day! their date was sped
His nimble brethren all were dead,
And he, discouraged and opprest,
Wished to be with them, and at rest."

Sir, my wrath at music and musicians is not without reason. It is my lot to have a large circle of friends and relations, and my life is not worth a pin's fee, because of the perpetual onslaught made on my tympanum, not only with the human voice, but with a greater variety of musical instruments than Nebuchadnezzar had in all his band. What vexes me most is, that they take infinite pains and spare no expense to make themselves perfectly expert at this branch, for such it is, of the science of ingeniously tormenting. The young ladies get up at six, and practise ten hours a-day to inflict their rondos and sonatas upon me as adroitly as possible. Their brothers will actually leave the billiard-tables and racket-courts to master the German flute or key bugle with the same kind purpose. And then I am obliged to listen to the parents and aunts commending the execution—how happily does that word *execution* express the true character of a musical performance! of these amiable young people; and what is still more galling, speaking of singing and playing as—as what do you suppose?—as elegant accomplishments—elegant accomplishments—bless the mark!

I will tell you my sentiments, Sir, on the subject of accomplishments; I have no objection to French and Italian; German is no harm, provided the pupil confines himself to the language, and contracts no liking for the flute; the skipping-rope is not to be spoken against, nor do I impugn the respectability of battle-door and shuttle-cock. Then there is drawing in all its branches—a quiet, inoffensive amusement as any I know of—it hurts nobody's nerves; it disturbs nobody's nap after dinner; it neither prevents the lawyer from studying his brief, nor the poor dog of a contributor—the "*canus impransus*" of your Literary Zoological Garden—from composing his article. I respect extremely those ladies and gentlemen who wield the pencil or the brush. Their work goes on as smoothly as their own oils; and there is no more noise in the *studio* than if the artist were asleep on his own pallet. But the pastime of the musician is selfish and cruel; he gratifies his ruffianly taste at the cost of incalculable suffering to five-sixths of the miserable beings within the range of his instrument of torture; *for such every musical instrument is!!!*

Like Cassius, I do not know what you or other men think, but for myself I never see a lady at a harp or a harpsichord, or a gentleman

(gentle, forsooth!) at a violin or guitar, but I fancy the instrument some species of rack, and the performer some bloody-minded executioner, a Trois Echelles, or an Abhorson. Seven years in Botany Bay! What punishment is that? Sentence a rogue to a year of the piano-forte, and take my word for it, crime will diminish at the rate of a fox-hunt. Music appears to me to be convertible to no possible use but this, and I really wonder the plan has not been hit upon before this by the Utilitarians, or the speculators on a new system of secondary punishments. A scale of musical inflictions might easily be graduated according to the varying enormity of offences. The newspaper wits would call them *sound* corrections; but never mind the newspaper wits; the thing would answer, depend upon it. For murder I would have a concert for life, or a perpetual oratorio; for homicide ten years perhaps of the Italian Opera; for highway robbery a musical festival, or two, if there should be aggravating circumstances; shop-lifting and picking of pockets might be punished with a certain number of tunes on a barrel-organ or dulcimer, at the discretion of the court; usury might appropriately be restrained by the Jew's harp; housebreakers by the dread of being sent to the house robbed, and kept chained to the leg of the pianoforte until the musical education of the young ladies of the family is completed; treason and blasphemy—what should we have for these?—I have it—the traitor, if a male, I would marry to a Prima Donna; if a female I would give her such a husband as Paganini: the blasphemer should suffer a torture which would satisfy even Captain Gordon.—I would inflict on him Mozart's Creation.—Pray, Miss, why do you stare at one in that way?

Really, Mr. Editor, it is quite shocking in you to allow a person to contribute to your Magazine so barbarously ignorant as to say it was Mozart composed the Creation.

Now shall I be even with the young lady: rub for rub is fair play.

Might I make so bold with you, fair mistress! as to ask you who it was that invented the tread-mill?

There it is—I know it—she has not a word to say. Now, sir, if a young lady is not obliged to remember the author of one device for torturing mankind, why should I be flouted for being equally oblivious of the author of another?

It is certainly for my sins—I have scarcely a friend or acquaintance who is not either a vocal or instrumental executioner—performer I mean—executioner is not the *word*, it is only the *thing*: I grant you, therefore, it was wrong to use it. Nothing can be more impolite than to call things by their proper names; it is quite unaristocratic—the infallible characteristic of a plebeian. But as I said, I move for my sins in the most musical circle in —, no matter where.—Madame, I hate nothing so much as curiosity—what have you to do with my latitude and longitude?

Well, you shall have a sample of my sufferings. "*Ex uno disce omnes*," as Machiavelli remarks.

I call upon a friend—a young barrister rising in his profession. You would suppose he was to be found drawing a declaration, searching Peere William's Reports, or immersed up to the eyes in Fearne or the Touchstone; if not professionally occupied, why then you would expect to find him at some such work as Ricardo's Political Economy, Hallam's Middle Ages, or at least a new novel:—no such thing—nothing

in the world like it. I find him at the tip-top of a pair of sonorous lungs—practising a speech for a trial at Nisi Prius?—No,—practising an oration for a Political Union? No—no—practising what, think you?

“ There she lay
All the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, oh !”

I ask a question—’tis about a matter in which I am much interested. Instead, however, of stemming the tide of song, I make matters fifty times worse. The only answer I get is,

“ A sail, a sail !”—

My vocal friend at the same time throwing his muscular frame, which is at least six feet in altitude, into the position of Braham, and looking as if he actually saw a tall frigate on the opposite shelf, amongst the Reports and Statutes. I try politics ; it is the same thing—

“ A sail, a sail !
A sail, a sail appears !”

I try literature, shooting, the weather, my new coat, which being a rarity, I expect will command prompt attention. All in vain : that infernal chaunt is the only reply I can extract, and this continues until the executioner’s—that is the performer’s—lungs are exhausted, or I am forced by business to leave him, the object of my call unattained, and without a single syllable of rational, christian-like conversation. Frequently when I am more than a hundred yards from the house, muttering deep curses on songs and songsters, I still hear, “ mellowed by distance,” the same horrid sounds—

“ A sail, a sail.”

I then clap my fingers into my ears, and run as if for my life, determining, with an awful imprecation, to pay no more visits to a *practising* barrister.

Another, and I have done. I took a second floor in John-street, Adelphi. The first time I slept there I was disturbed in the morning by what seemed to my horrified imagination the screaming of ten thousand charity children? Upon inquiry, I found that I had pitched my tent exactly opposite that of Mr. Hawes, the master of the singing boys at the Chapel Royal, who gave his neighbours a similar treat every morning before breakfast ! Well, I had scarcely recovered from that, and was seated comfortably at my morning meal, when my ears were regaled with the vibration of an accursed piano-forte, accompanied by a screaming that might have set the last trump at defiance. I inquired again, and found the first floor was occupied by Mr. John Barnett, the musical director at Madame Vestris’s theatre, who practised his professional pupils every day from eleven till three.

This is not all. Four o’clock had scarcely arrived, when I verily believe all the vagabond bands in London began to congregate in the street, to regale the country visitors at Osborn’s Hotel with their most sweet harmony. Bagpipes, panspipes, and pipes of all descriptions were there. Every instrument of name, sound, and torture, from a German flute to a penny whistle, choked the highway !

Wrought into a phrenzy I rushed from the house, and have taken lodgings at the top of the shot tower, across Waterloo Bridge. I shall have no music *there*, or the devil’s in it.

LIVES OF THE POLISH HEROES.

PLUTARCH somewhere relates that a stranger, on passing the pillar erected on the spot where the three hundred Spartans fell at Thermopylae, expressed his surprise at seeing it unadorned by an inscription. Their names and the manner of their death, said a Lacedaemonian, live in the grateful recollection of a whole people. One of the first lessons of memory that our mothers teach us, is to repeat them by heart. Such an example is, indeed, worthy the imitation of the Polish mothers of the present day—and equally imperishable will be the names of those brave spirits who so nobly offered themselves up to martyrdom in the cause of Polish liberty and independence.

Every thing connected with this unhappy but heroic land, continues to excite, as it should do, the most intense feeling of curiosity and interest. The sketches I have supplied, are not I hope, uninteresting in themselves; but they will, I am sure, come with an additional charm upon the reader, when he finds they treat of Polish character and Polish adventure.

SOWENSKI,—GENERAL OF BRIGADE.

Joseph Sowenski, descended of a noble though impoverished family, was born in Poland in 1779. At a very early age he manifested an inclination for the profession of arms; and as Poland possessed at that time no special military school, the young Sowenski was sent to prosecute his studies at one of the first military academies in the Prussian dominions.

Already at that period he had evinced a marked predilection for mathematics, when, therefore, it became necessary to select the branch of the service to which he would in future devote himself, his choice fell on the artillery, and he accordingly entered the school of that arm.

On completing his course of studies, which he had prosecuted with the most indefatigable activity, his zeal, his capacity, and perseverance, elicited the admiration of his instructors, who recommended him for a commission in the foot artillery. As Poland at the time was without a political existence, possessing neither army nor generals, she had no means of rendering the talents of her sons useful. Sowenski, in consequence, entered the Prussian service.

During the campaign of 1809, Sowenski displayed in the presence of the enemy, an intrepidity equal to the capacity he had given proofs of at school; there were few better acquainted with the theory of his arms, and none evinced more sang froid when it became necessary to come to practice in the field. Prussia was then at war with a formidable adversary. The French were advancing, preceded by the terror of their name and the brilliant reputation of Napoleon. The recollection of his recent conquests, had spread demoralization through the Prussian ranks. But the confidence of Sowenski was not shaken; and although his personal and political sympathies were all for the enemy, he not only faithfully fulfilled all his military duties, but displayed a daring bravery, that attracted the attention of the French themselves. On this occasion he was decorated by the king with the cross of Commander of the Order of Merit, a decoration rarely given to subaltern officers.

But Sowenski felt that his talents should be exerted in a better cause; he, therefore, quitted the Prussian service. In 1809 at the head of a battery of Polish artillery he was present at all the actions in that campaign, and greatly distinguished himself. Endowed with a sound mind, and an heroic calmness, he had often those bold inspirations which decide great enterprises. Obeyed by his artillery-men as a father by his children, his battery resembled a family. Affable and condescending in the extreme, his fine qualities conciliated the affection of all around him; and the grief of the army was universal, when at the battle of Mozaïsk, his leg was carried off by a cannon-ball. His active career in the field thus closed, he was obliged to resign himself to the service of theory and instruction. Appointed lieutenant-colonel, Chevalier of the Polish Order *Vertuti Militari*, and officer of the Legion of Honour, Sowenski remained in the corps of invalids till the year 1816, when he was taken from it by the Emperor Alexander, and appointed colonel and director of the School of Application, just founded by that monarch at Warsaw.

The revolution of the 29th of November, found him still invested with these functions on the memorable night, in which the Belvidere palace was attacked. The young cadets of the School of Application, hearing the report of musketry, wished to force the gates of the establishment, in order to join the patriots on the outside.

Sowenski totally unprepared, and ignorant of the object of the insurrectionary movement, fearful, moreover, in case of failure, of drawing down upon his pupils the wrath of the grand duke, threw himself at their feet, and supplicated them to wait till the following morning. "To-morrow," said he, "to-morrow, if the affair is of any importance, we will sally out, and I will place myself at your head." The cadets yielded to his entreaties, and the director kept his word: for on the following morning he marched out at the head of his pupils, traversed several quarters of Warsaw, accompanied every where by the cries of "Sowenski for ever," and as his wooden leg did not permit him to march far, he was carried in triumph on the shoulders of the populace to his own house.

Sowenski was now charged by the government with the fortification and armament of Warsaw; during the whole course of this murderous war, all his faculties were concentrated upon this one object, he every day effected some change or improvement in the system of defence. When the decisive moment at length arrived, the brave Sowenski, stung to the quick by the inactive share which the loss of his leg had obliged him to take in this glorious struggle, solicited the commander-in-chief, to confide to him the defence of the most important point of the fortifications. At his request he was appointed to command the Wola, but the defences of this fort were so incomplete, and its garrison so weak, that it was unable to hold out long against the vigorous assault of the Russians. His first line forced, he retreated to the second from whence he kept up a galling fire of musketry, until Field Marshal Paskévitch, surrounded and carried this obstinately disputed point.

After having seen all his soldiers butchered, left quite alone among the slain, Sowenski seized the firelock of a soldier who had fallen by his side, and keeping up a fire until he had expended his last cartridge, he placed his back against the wall of a small church, where he defended himself with the bayonet till he fell pierced with six wounds. The

subjoined account is given by a Russian officer, and eye witness of this scene of heroism and butchery.

"Enraged at the obstinate defence, thirsting for revenge, said the officer, the Russian soldiers carried the church of Wola. Old men, women, and children, who were intermingled with its heroic defenders, fell victims to their imprudence; the church was strewed with dead bodies. Among the number was General Sowenski, an old man with but one leg and of gigantic stature. He had received six bayonet wounds in the breast. His eye appeared yet animated with a spirit of revenge; and his noble features, even in death, breathed the most heroic courage and devotion. Our soldiers, in passing before his body, gave way to that feeling of respect, which, while living, they were unable to refuse him."

Thus perished Sowenski, on the 6th of September, 1831, on the very day that Warsaw was carried by assault, unwilling, perhaps, a second time to witness her downfall.

It is an extraordinary circumstance that his death had been predicted two years before in a most singular manner. A free-thinker on most points, Sowenski had the weakness to believe in magnetism, and he even intended publishing some memoirs on this subject. His belief, however, in magnetic divination was not entire, for expressing his doubts on this point, in a letter to one of his friends, he said that we ought to credit with great reserve revelations of this nature. "As a proof of it," he went on expressing himself, "only imagine a person with whom I have lately had some communication, has predicted that in two years Warsaw will be deluged in blood, and that I shall fall in battle." The original of this letter exists at Paris.

Whether his end were foretold or not, the death of General Sowenski, was heroic; and his name will live in the memory of mankind as one of the noblest martyrs to Polish independence.

MICHEL WOLLOWICZ AND LEON PRZECZAWSKI.

No sooner had the news of the Polish revolution reached Lithuania, than a desire to imitate this noble example manifested itself among her population, but in order to give unity and force to the insurrectionary moment, it was imperative to establish relations with the national government just installed at Warsaw. All felt this, but few dared to risk themselves in so perilous an enterprise: for communications between Warsaw and Lithuania were become almost impossible; the spies of the Russian police infested the whole country, and numerous corps of the enemies troops occupied all the roads.

In spite of so many perils and obstacles, two men were found, unawed by the difficulty of the enterprise, and the risk it entailed on their heads. These were Michel Wollowicz and Leon Przeczawski, both young, and of noble families; the first born in the Palatinate of Grodno, the second in the town of Rozanna. Both of them the objects of their parents' most assiduous care, were educated at Warsaw. Przeczawski, in the School of Engineers, and Wollowicz in that of Iolabor, from whence he repaired to the University of Welná. Having finished their studies, they retired into the bosom of their families. Wollowicz had even selected a partner for life, and his marriage was on the eve of celebration, when the Polish revolution broke out.

Such were the two young men who nobly offered to proceed to

Warsaw, without calculating that death or an eternal prison menaced them, along a line of route of 120 leagues. Anxious to confer with the Dictator Chlopecki, and to speak to him in the name of Lithuania, they set out, proud of so lofty an enterprise and full of confidence in their star.

With the view of increasing their chances of success, the two envoys took different routes. Wollowicz directed his course towards the Niemen, accompanied by five well-armed domestics. Surprised in the environs of Merez, by two companies of Russian soldiers, and forced back upon the banks of the river, he saw himself reduced to the alternative of surrendering to the enemy, or of precipitating himself into the Neimen, from the summit of a steep rock. On one side was eternal slavery—on the other, an imminent danger but still surmountable. Wollowicz hesitated not a moment. Mounted as he was he threw himself into the river filled with large floating pieces of ice. His domestics animated by his example, dashed after him. This intrepidity saved them all. They reached in safety the opposite bank, while the Russians beheld, with shame and rage, the escape of their gallant prey.

Przeclawski entered the Palatinate of Wolhynia, disguised as a Russian employé, with the assistance of a peasant he deceived the vigilance of five sentinels, and passed the frontier in safety. By dint of great courage, and well-conceived stratagems, the two envoys reached Warsaw on the same day.

Immediately on their arrival they had an interview with the commander-in-chief, in which they gave him a faithful exposé of the state of Lithuania, and of the eagerness of her population to rally round the standard of independence. They conjured him not to suffer such powerful elements of force, to lie dormant. Having fulfilled their mission, and desirous of marking their journey by some active service, Wollowicz and Przeclawski enlisted as privates in the Lithuanian legion, just formed; it was about the period of the celebrated battle of Grochow. Unable to march with the corps, the organization of which was not completed, the two Lithuanians quitted Warsaw almost by stealth, armed with sabres and lances, and joining the Polish ranks as volunteers, they shared in the glory of that memorable day.

Some time afterwards, an unexpected intelligence reached the Polish capital, that Samogitia had effected alone her insurrectionary movements; impatient of longer delay, without ammunition, armed only with scythes and lances, the patriots of this country had risen against the Russians, and were harassing them by their active diversions. At this news, the Polish government felt the necessity of supporting this insurrection. They sent for the two Lithuanian patriots, and requested them to repair to Samogitia, in order to spread the news of what was passing in Poland, to animate the zeal and hopes of the insurgents, and to announce to them at the same time, that two vessels laden with arms and ammunition, would shortly cast anchor in the port of Polangen.

This new mission was even more hazardous than the first; for its accomplishment it was necessary to traverse in all its length the narrow palatinate of Augustow, occupied by 20,000 Russians, to deceive along a rout of 200 leagues, the vigilance of the civil and military authorities. But the souls of the two Lithuanians were too strongly nerved, to be daunted by the dangers of the enterprise.

They left Warsaw on the 7th of April, 1831, armed with guns,

sabres, and pistols, and continued their journey in a carriage as far as Prasnysk, but foreseeing the impossibility of traversing the Russian army in this manner, they resolved to proceed on their perilous route on foot. Some leagues further they met with an envoy despatched into Lithuania like themselves, by the Polish government, who was retracing his steps to Warsaw, having found it impossible to effect a passage. The recital of his failure, the details of the dangers and difficulties which he had encountered, could nothing deter Wollowicz and his companion; they persevered in their mission, trusting to their enterprising courage, and the justice of their cause.

For a length of time they were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution: here compelled to throw themselves into a marsh, there to conceal themselves in a forest; marching only during the night, and sometimes during the most horrible tempests.

At last they succeeded in joining a detachment of the Lithuanian partisan Godlewski, under the command of Captain Modlenski. This detachment was scouring the country, in order to pick up deserters from the Russian army. They had not parted company with it above an hour, when the whole detachment was made prisoners by the enemy. The captain, with the view of purchasing his pardon, discovered to the Russians that two Polish emissaries, charged with secret instructions from the government of Warsaw, were in the immediate environs. In a moment fifty cuirassiers and twenty cossacks dashed forward in pursuit of the two Lithuanians, and pursued them as far as the Niemen. This long chase, in which seventy horsemen galloped on the traces of the two fugitives, was marked by a series of incidents that are not without interest. Along their whole route, escaping by miracle from their pursuers, Wollowicz and Przeclawski, met from all classes succour, and frequently a protecting asylum. Overwhelmed with fatigue, surrounded by always increasing dangers, and obliged to make long detours, they never invoked in vain the sacred name of their country to obtain aid and compassion. Once, at the moment when they arrived almost breathless at a small town, a Russian corps, loaded with booty, was entering at the opposite gate. They were on the point of being captured and loaded with irons, when a man made signs to them to follow him, and conducted them to a place of safety. In another place some persons, bribed by the Russians, gave information of the place of their concealment. A detachment was already approaching, when a peasant favoured their escape, and pointed out to them the safest route. On another occasion, a worthy and excellent curate received the patriots in his house, and by his care and attention cured Przeclawski, who was ill and exhausted from fatigue. A devotion on his part that drew down on him the persecution of the Russian authorities. Farther on, some peasants came with their boats and snatched them from the hands of the enemy at the very moment when hunted down to the banks of a river, they were on the point of becoming their prey. Shortly afterwards their presence in the cabin of a "garde forrestier" gave rise to an act of heroism in a boy of fourteen years of age. The two emissaries had just quitted this asylum, when its owner, fearing the persecutions of the Russians, hid himself and left this child its only tenant. A few minutes had scarcely elapsed when the Russians arrive and ask the boy what had become of the guard, for the purpose of interrogating him. In vain, to obtain the secret of his master's retreat, do the

Russians employ by turns, ruse and violence, promises and threats—the sight of gold had no effect upon this faithful boy, who preserved an obstinate silence. When at length the barbarians could obtain nothing from him, enraged at his heroic resistance, they inflicted on him the punishment of the knout.

Such acts of patriotic devotion were the more honourable, as the Grand Duke Michel and General Sacken had set a price upon the heads of the two envoys, and had offered a reward of a thousand silver roubles (160*l.*) to whoever should deliver them up.

Thus succoured and saved in so many instances, Wollowicz and Przeclawski pursued their route, still surrounded with ambuscades and perils, till they at length reached the banks of the Niemen in safety. They saluted with delight their native land, and forgot their fatigues in the embraces of their friends. They communicated immediately to the insurgent chiefs, that the national government of Warsaw waited with impatience the arrival of the Lithuanian deputies, in order to deliberate on the future destinies and organization of the two people. They added, that two vessels, laden with arms and ammunition, would shortly make their appearance off the harbour of Polangen.

This mission fulfilled, our two courageous patriots did not think that they had done enough; without taking any repose, they joined the commander-in-chief of the insurrection of Telsze, and fought with him at the battle of Dorbiany. After a sanguinary affair, in which the chances of the day were twice turned, the Samogitians remained masters of the town. Two thousand insurgents, with scarcely seven rounds of ball-cartridge a-head, marched upon Polangen, but the superior forces which the Russians had concentrated upon this point, defeated the attempt. In all these actions, as well as that at Tawrogi, which was fought later, Wollowicz and Przeclawski nobly signalized themselves. They were both made captains on the field, and presented as candidates for the military decoration of Poland.

At this period, the state of affairs in Lithuania rendered it requisite to despatch two men of known devotion into Poland. Wollowicz and Przeclawski again offered themselves, and set out on their mission; but at Raygrod, having fallen in with the corps of General Gielgud, advancing on Wilna, they thought their object fulfilled, and joined him. Wollowicz, although a captain in the Lithuanian service, entered the ranks of the 19th regiment as a private soldier, which formed a part of Szymanowski's corps. Appointed subsequently aide-de-camp to this general, he was present at the three actions of Szawli; and at a later period, at those of Uzeventy, Chwaloynie, Powendenie, Wornia, Szweksznia, Gordona, and Nove-Miasto. Przeclawski, on his side, attached to the corps of Gielgud, greatly distinguished himself in the action at Szawle.

When the cause at last became desperate, our two patriots retired into Prussia, with the wreck of the Polish-Lithuanian army; but solely occupied with the question of national independence, that was making its expiring effort under the walls of Warsaw, they could not remain inactive while their countrymen were heroically defending the last bulwark of the Polish cause. Wollowicz succeeded in escaping, disguised as a Prussian, with two comrades as intrepid as himself; but they had not proceeded many leagues, ere they were arrested. The Prussian General Stihlpnagel, formerly in the Russian service, tried

them by a court-martial, which sentenced them to confinement in the prison of Tilsit, where he was treated with the utmost rigour. More than once they offered him his liberty, on condition of giving his word of honour that he would not again bear arms against the Russians, but on his repeatedly and indignantly rejecting the offer, he was conducted to the fortress of Pilau, and thrown among the common malefactors. After the capture of Warsaw he was set at liberty ; but General Sthilpnagel refused him the consolation of going to embrace his aged father, a refugee like himself, in Prussia, and a victim, at the age of sixty, to the cause of freedom and public virtue.

At last, after great fatigues and numerous vexations, Wollowicz arrived in France. He was joined there by his father, and by his friend and companion in arms, Przeclawski, who also, after having made several fruitless attempts to escape, had been set at liberty at the same time, and had selected France as the land of his exile.

JULIAN SIERAWSKI.

Julian Sierawski was born at Cracow, in the year 1777, and educated in the university of that city.

When the Polish revolution of 1794 broke out, Sierawski, impatient to serve his country, under the illustrious Kosciuszko, offered himself as a volunteer, although bearing the rank of officer in the army, from a degree he had taken at the university. He was immediately appointed a subaltern officer of engineers, and received orders to proceed to Warsaw, to assist in the fortification of that city. Sierawski greatly distinguished himself in the course of this heroic struggle, particularly at Wyszograd, where, at the head of a considerable detachment of light infantry, he maintained a guerilla warfare against the numerous cavalry of Cyeyanow.

When, at last, the day of disaster arrived, when Kosciuszko, overcome, had uttered the cry of despair, "*Finis Poloniæ*"—Sierawski was made prisoner at Grodno, by a horde of Cossacks. The Russian General Cyeyanow in vain offered the young officer promotion in the Russian service ; Sierawski declared, like Kosciuszko, that he would prefer banishment to Siberia to offers that would dishonour him. The Russian was struck with his noble pride, and restored him to liberty, after treating him with marked respect.

All hopes for Poland appeared now at an end, and yet a handful of brave men still resolved on another effort. The wrecks of the Polish army were re-organizing in Wallachia, where they had been received with every mark of sincere and generous hospitality. Sierawski joined them. Sent by the general to make a reconnoissance on the banks of the Dneister, at the head of three hundred and sixty horsemen, he traversed the river "*a la nage*," and routed and put to flight a squadron of Russian cuirassiers. But the last hope of Polish independence soon vanished, and what remained of the gallant Poles were dispersed by the superior forces of the enemy.

Sierawski took refuge in the dominions of the Grand Signior. At Constantinople, having learnt from the French ambassador that some Polish legions were forming in Italy, he immediately took his passage for that country, in a Ragusan ship. Captured on his passage, by two Algerine frigates, and conducted to Tunis, he owed his liberty to the generous intervention of the French consul. At last, having escaped

both slavery and shipwreck, he arrived safe and sound at Leghorn. On his arrival at Pesaro, he was introduced to General Dombrowski, who appointed him adjutant-major of the second Polish legion. From this period until the downfall of Napoleon, Sierawski continued to serve France. In 1812, he was promoted by the Emperor to the rank of General de Brigade, and received for his bravery, at the battles of Gobel and Leipsig, the cross of officer of the Legion of Honour.

In 1814, when the French capital fell into the hands of the allies, Sierawski took the route of Poland with the mutilated wreck of the Polish army. From 1815 to 1817, he was charged with the instruction of the Model battalions. He afterwards commanded the foot guard, and was appointed, by the Emperor Alexander, knight of the grand order of Stanislaus, and colonel in chief of a regiment of grenadiers, with which was incorporated a regiment of chasseurs. In this post, Sierawski drew down upon him the suspicion of the Grand Duke Constantine. The attachment of the soldier to his general always excited the distrust of this pro-consul, when he did not find in the officer that servilism and corruption which he wished to introduce into the Polish ranks.

Persecuted for this honourable motive, Sierawski several times during the year 1818 offered to resign, and applied for leave of absence and a passport for the United States. But the Emperor, doubtless with a view of punishing this brave officer, for preferring his honour to the rank of general in the guards, instead of acceding to his wishes, appointed him commandant of the fortress of Modlin, which at that period, demolished and abandoned, was considered as the Siberia of Poland. Here Sierawski resisted the orders of the Grand Duke, by treating his prisoners with humanity, and by substituting the articles of the military penal code, for the arbitrary and "*bon plaisir regime*" of the brutal Constantine. He was, in consequence, recalled to Warsaw, where he remained till the revolution broke out, exposed to all kinds of vexations, and strictly watched by the police.

When the revolution broke out, Sierawski was on horseback, but stopped by a Russian detachment, he was indebted for his liberty to the precipitation with which they evacuated the city. Joining the 4th regiment of the line, he was received with cries of enthusiasm. He was then called to the administrative council. He demonstrated the necessity of organizing the revolution, by placing a chief at its head; and, sacrificing his own self-love, was the first to propose Chlopecki as the most ancient in grade. Sierawski took upon himself the internal defence of the capital. Despatched, afterwards, to take the command of the fortress of Zamosc, he first set at liberty 1,400 victims of Russian despotism, and then, in a very few days, he placed the city in a complete posture of defence, and forwarded to Warsaw twenty-seven pieces of cannon, of various calibres.

He was still at Zamosck, when the Russian General Kreutz sent in a flag of truce, to summon the place to surrender. On reading the despatch, Sierawski assembled his staff, in order to read in their presence a confidential letter from the enemy's general. In this letter, Kreutz, after making the most brilliant promises, told Sierawski that the Polish revolution had been effected by young heads. At this passage, Sierawski, turning round to the officer commanding the flag of truce, said to him, "Take back, as an answer to your general, that you have seen these gray hairs, and that I shall not betray the national cause." At a

subsequent period, sent as military governor into the palatinate of Krawcow and Sandomir, with positive orders to defend the Vistula from the mouth of the Pilica to Sandomir, Sierawski, on his arrival, found scarcely 2,000 recruits in a state of organization. Still he fulfilled his mission with success, until the arrival of General Dwernecki, in conjunction with whom he fought the splendid action of Swiezyny. On the departure of General Dwernecki for Wolhynia, Sierawski received orders to defend the banks of the Vistula from the mouth of the Kamiona to Zawechost. Although he had but three thousand men under his command, to defend such an extent of ground, he nevertheless accomplished his object. All the works for constructing bridges, commenced by the enemy, were destroyed, and every detachment that attempted to effect the passage, was repulsed.

The enemy having been defeated at Igania, the army of Sierawski was reinforced by two regiments of scythe-bearers; and at the same moment, in virtue of his orders, he passed the Vistula near Josefow, took Kamien, and defeated the Russian infantry, with the brigade of Mloksoiewicz. From thence, hoping to be supported by General Pac, he crossed the Vistula at three points; but in the mean time, Pac had received another destination.

Profiting by this respite, the Russian General Kreutz concentrated his forces in the environs of Belzyee, and waited for the Poles. At the sight of such a superior force, Sierawski fell back in the night, and took up a position at Wronow, where he received despatches from headquarters, instructing him, with his corps alone, to attack the Russian forces that were retiring after their defeat at Igania, to throw provisions into Zamosck, and to second the operations of Dwernecki in Wolhynia. The Russian army had, however, pushed forward some strong columns of troops, with a powerful artillery, in front of Woronow. Sierawski had no longer the alternative—he must either give or accept a battle. While Colonel Lagowski was combatting with advantage near Belzyee, the general maintained his position until near four in the afternoon. During the night, having destroyed the bridges at Opola, he retired in good order into the mountains of Kazeemierz, and maintained this position during the whole of the next day. Hotly pursued by the enemy, he effected his passage near Janowiec and Golembic, without losing either arms or baggage; his most sensible loss was in men.

In the various councils of war of which he was a member, Sierawski exclaimed against the inertness that appeared to preside over the military movements, the conduct of the government towards Lithuania, and their negligence in profiting by the most brilliant victories.

Sierawski, at present in France, carries with him into exile the consolation of having always done his duty, throughout the course of a long career. The first of the Polish generals to rally round the banner of independence, he remained faithful to her to the last. As modest as brave, he never seeks to lead; he only asks to serve his country, careless in what capacity or grade. The rival of the generous youth of Poland, who have done such glorious things, he shows himself, with his gray hairs, as ardent and intrepid as they. Even now, proscribed as he is, this gallant old man does not despair of that cause which he has so long and so gloriously defended. Let but the star of independence again burst on the horizon of eastern Europe, and the sword of Sierawski will not slumber in its scabbard.

THE CURRENCY DUEL.

THE effects of the speeches of the two distinguished leaders of the widely opposed parties upon the question of the currency, recently delivered at Birmingham, in pursuance of the challenge of Mr. Cobbett to Messrs. Jones and Attwood, will probably be felt in the influence of this controversy upon the government, and a change of those imbecile and tyrannical financial measures which have made England rather the scoff or pity, than the envy of surrounding nations. The true cause of all our national calamities is to be found in the senseless intermeddling with the trade in money, by which every minister of modern times from Pitt to Vansittart and Peel, has deranged the entire machinery of the commercial world, and brought a nation superabounding in the blessings of Providence to a condition of famine, rebellion, and despair. Passing by that most fraudulent and tyrannical measure, the Bank Restriction Act of 1799, to which is to be attributed more than four hundred millions of the national debt, we come to the succeeding ministerial folly committed in 1819, and at length to that darkest period in all our commercial history, the panic of 1825, since which time not a ray of joy has shone upon the land. It has since been common to attribute this panic to innumerable visionary causes: over-trading, over-speculation, over-production, and over-population, and, true to the grand characteristic of folly, which ever rushes to extremes, our ministers thenceforth, to restrain the spirit of future speculation, adopted measures which, at least, must destroy the commerce and one half the population of this empire. For the panic was in reality an accidental and very temporary stoppage of the course of trade; and prosperity would soon again have returned to our workshops and our fields, had not the government aggravated, and a thousand-fold increased the misery of the time, by the draining off the life-blood of a commercial country, a small-paper circulation. It is indeed the wildest chimera that ever entered into the mind of man, to suppose that in this great commercial country, the vast transactions of twenty millions of people, can be made to move round without a medium more plentiful than gold; or that a nation, burthened already with eight hundred millions of national debt, can bear to have that sum increased to the amount of sixteen hundred millions, which is the real effect of a compulsory payment in gold, in which it was not contracted, or ever intended to be paid. A government which thus continues to levy a revenue of fifty millions in gold, or more than a hundred millions in paper, can only proceed in such a course for a few short years, until the entire capital of the nation be absorbed, and the merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and the general mass of the people, are drawn into one vast vortex of irretrievable ruin. Already disaffection, hatred, and incendiary fires, are seen all around; our workhouses, jails, and hulks are crowded with the victims of hunger and involuntary crime; the standing army compelled to be increased to save us from the revolutionary fury of a starving population; and yet, in the midst of these accumulating horrors, we are coolly answered by the minister, "It is now too late to retreat." The most implacable enemy to monarchy could not have desired to see these ministers approaching to a more inevitable pit-fall of destruction; and should the Whig ministry persevere

in the folly which has ruined their predecessors, and if the opinion of Lord Althorpe continue to prevail, "that it is now too late to retreat," we fear that it requires no great political sagacity to foretell, that not only will the Whigs themselves retreat, but kings, lords, bishops, and boroughmongers, will all retreat together.

To retrace our steps is now the only remaining method of escape from the labyrinth of troubles and darkness into which we have entered since the panic of 1825. A single breath; one act of parliament, giving back the right of the bankers to issue one and two pound notes, according to the wants of their respective districts, and upon the credit of their own estates, would instantly let loose the pent-up waters of plenty, and spread peace, prosperity, and joy throughout this now miserable land. For the business of banking is the well-spring and the fountain of our trade; obstructions to the free circulation of paper are felt throughout all the subdivisions of the commercial machinery of the nation; and a stream of water is not more required for the revolutions of the wheel of a mill than an issue of paper-money for the revolving transactions of this great commercial nation. The vulgar clamour against bankers and a paper circulation is in reality absurd and senseless in the very utmost degree; for the invention of the system of banking has produced all our national power, prosperity, and glory; and it is not in the nature of human affairs that any system, how convenient soever, should arrive at perfection, or be free from partial disadvantage. But we hold that the banking interest has ever been found comparatively far more solid and upon a better foundation than any other trade whatever, the number of bankers who have failed bearing no comparison to the number of cotton spinners, iron masters, and silk manufacturers; nor is the aggregate amount of loss by the insolvency of bankers a hundredth part of the loss sustained by the bankruptcy of other traders in the various subdivisions of our great commercial system. The failure of a bank in a commercial town is only an occurrence of a century; nor is it then usual that an operative should be holder of more than one or two bank-notes, the earnings of the labour of a week; but the failure of a rich manufacturer may throw a thousand families for months upon the parish. Bank-notes are the credit of the banker: his estate and mansion are always open to inspection; and no man is compelled to receive the notes of a banker, more than to give credit to a corn-dealer or a draper, whose habits, expenditure, or capital are deemed unworthy of his confidence. The self-preservation and self-interest of the banker will regulate the amount of his issues within the bounds of prudence; and in the event of mismanagement and bankruptcy, it is rare that the banker is not possessed of an estate producing a dividend superior to that usual from an insolvent manufacturer; yet the pretence of protecting the labourer in the enjoyment of his wages in solid gold, was the most prominent reason advanced for the suppression of a paper circulation, and wisely it has proved a protection indeed, by which to secure him from the loss of a few shillings in the course of an entire century, we have doomed him to the horrors of perpetual poverty, nakedness, and hunger, with pining children, an early death, and a parish grave. We hold, then, that the suppression of the small paper circulation was an act of the foulest tyranny, and a violation of the common rights of human intercourse and barter. A law prohibiting the banker from issuing less than five pound notes, is not less tyrannical than a prohibition to the

butcher and the baker not to sell less than five loaves of bread, or five pounds of meat. And when it has become apparent after five years of miserable experiment, that a gold standard is impracticable in the widespread and immense transactions of this great nation; when our commerce, manufactures, and foreign trade are daily sinking into a condition of inextricable ruin; our industrious population crowding to the workhouse, the jail, and every foreign land; and when an instantaneous remedy is at hand in the relaxation of the barbarous laws by which this national anguish has all been brought about, we trust that the first measure of the ensuing parliament will be an instantaneous liberation from its shackles of the trade in money.

The remedial measures proposed by Mr. Cobbett we hold to be useless and absurd. Allowing that his commissioners had travelled throughout the kingdom, and executed the proposed work of an "equitable adjustment," and that every debtor had been in the due proportion released from responsibility to every creditor; still this change being universal, would be nominal and nugatory, since the man who is thus absolved from his own just debts, is at the same time despoiled of his claims upon others, and matters would in reality remain in their present state. The proposal to reduce the interest of the national debt, by violent means, is another most atrocious proposition; for the holders of government stock at the present time are persons who have purchased a year, a month, or a week since, who are wholly innocent of the original contracting of the debt, the stock being now a part of the general capital of the nation; and to reduce its amount would be to single out a few accidental individuals to pay the engagements of the whole community. It appears, moreover, that the national debt is now subdivided into an infinity of small shares, for it is asserted by Mr. Alexander Baring that more than a hundred thousand persons possess stock whose dividends do not amount to ten pounds per annum; these, therefore, are all persons in very humble circumstances, and to diminish the interest upon the national debt would thus drive to the parish the majority of these hundred thousand holders of stock, thereby increasing tenfold the real payment in the shape of poor-rates for their maintenance. However imprudent and extravagant may have been the ministers who contracted this debt, still individuals are not to be robbed for the errors and crimes of a government over which they possessed no controul; and if criminal proceedings were now any satisfaction, still Pitt has gone to his long home, and the drivelling Vansittart is not worth the expense of an impeachment. For better and for worse we are now wedded to the debt, and we trust that no English parliament will ever adopt that most partial, unjust, and dishonourable expedient which is most falsely termed an "equitable adjustment."

There is, therefore, no remedy so just, practicable, instantaneous and easy of execution as a recurrence to the paper circulation in which the national debt, and all other debts of recent years, have been contracted. It is in vain to expect prosperity without again adopting the only measure out of which all our former prosperity has arisen. A paper circulation has brought into existence almost all our useful inventions, it has covered the sea with ships, and the land with cities, roads, bridges, and canals; it has brought activity and plenty into our workshops, mines, and foundries; it has built asylums, hospitals, and schools. In other countries the wonderful consequences of a paper circulation have

been equally apparent; for the United States of America, notwithstanding the falsities of Mr. Cobbett upon this subject, have derived almost all their prosperity and power from the freedom of the trade in money. Speaking upon this subject at Birmingham, Mr. Cobbett remarks, "that Mr. Attwood has appealed to America, so should he. Mr. Attwood has said, that there the banks can make what money they choose. That is a slight mistake, for no bank can exist in America without a charter. Why was it so? Because, as in the recent transactions with regard to the charter of the Bank of the United States, it has been deemed improvident to renew that establishment, for the President knew that paper money makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer. After such truths would the people of Birmingham have paper money among them? He pledged himself to the truth of the facts he had mentioned." Now we who happen to have recently travelled in the United States, pledge ourselves, on the contrary, to the entire falsehood "of the facts he had mentioned." First, it is not true that no bank can exist in the United States without a charter, for every city in the Union contains innumerable private bankers; witness the instance of Mr. Stephen Gerard, the celebrated banker of Philadelphia, who has recently bequeathed a fortune of five millions of dollars to the public institutions of Pennsylvania. Though there are also many chartered banks in the country, it does not follow that all banks are obliged to be chartered, any more than in this country. The existence of the Bank of England, and many other incorporated joint-stock companies, is a proof that there are not private banking houses in every provincial town. Nor has the refusal of the President to sanction the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States, the most remote connexion with the question of a paper circulation; for the reasoning of the President is directed to the existence of the Bank as a monopoly of the trade in money, and the renewal of the charter is opposed by the people upon principles similar to those upon which we oppose the renewal of the charter of the Bank of England. There exists no limitation whatever to the issuing of paper money in the United States, for the entire circulation of the country is composed of paper in a country drained of its specie by the disadvantageous nature of the trade to Great Britain and China. Dollars, half dollars, and quarters of dollars in paper are the universal circulation of the country; and the traveller may journey for hundreds of miles in the western states without receiving or paying a single dollar in specie. The notes even of insolvent banks continue to pass current. Millions of dollars are regularly circulating of the notes of banks which have gone down many years since; and we ourselves have received and paid the notes of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Cincinnati after the establishment was closed, and the place converted into the shop of an ironmonger. When we witnessed the wonders effected in that city, where a particle of gold and silver is never seen in the transactions of business, yet all is prosperity in a place containing a population of seventy thousand souls, with streets, churches, markets, and public institutions vying with the proudest of the cities of Europe, we saw the entire needlessness of the precious metals in the business of the world, and the blindness of our own government, which obstinately chains down the energies of this country; whilst our transatlantic brethren, uninfluenced by this golden folly, are advancing with gigantic strides to a rapid supereminence among the nations of the world.

admirable logic and morality

Not that attempts have not been made at various times in the United States to imitate the restrictive policy of this country in the regulation of the trade in money, but owing to the determined resistance of the people such measures have invariably proved abortive. Of the spirit with which these senseless inroads upon the common transactions of life are met by the people of that country the following anecdote will afford a specimen. The legislature of Pennsylvania, a few years since, passed a law that no paper money of any other state or country should pass current within the bounds of that state; a short-sighted measure, intended to force the circulation of provincial money, but the true operation of which went to cut off Pennsylvania from all the advantages of a foreign trade. The tavern keepers were particularly injured by this law, for travellers from other states, in their ignorance of such a regulation, were seldom provided with provincial paper, and found that money of universal circulation in the other divisions of the Union, was unaccountably forbidden in Pennsylvania. The tavern keepers were therefore compelled to continue to receive and pay the paper money of other states, and upon one occasion a young traveller from Philadelphia, upon departing in the morning from an inn near that city, tendered in payment of his bill a five-dollar note of the State Bank of Pennsylvania, for which the tavern keeper offered him in change three dollars of an excellent bank in the State of New York. "I cannot take that money," said the young Philadelphian, "it is against the law."—"Oh, but we tar and feather every body that obeys that law," was thereply of the tavern keeper, whereupon the young Philadelphian pocketed the change, and wound him on his way.

In conclusion, we repeat our conviction, that to liberate from its shackles the trade in money is the one only remedy for the present misery, and the thousand times more awful condition of the nation which must inevitably result from the continuance of our present restrictive policy. Reform and the utmost practicable extent of retrenchment will give no relief to our thousands of famishing labourers and mechanics, nor save our merchants, manufacturers, and farmers from sinking into ruin. The early demolition of our aristocratical system will inevitably follow; and the downfall of the monarchy itself will result from the continuance of a condition of national anguish, from which men will see no remedy but in the reduction of our establishments to the republican level

" TO BE CONTINUED."

I KNOW not whether Beelzebub ever contributes in person to the Magazines—we all know that he writes by proxy in one or two of them—but were he to do so, there is not the shadow of a doubt upon my mind but that he would break off his article with a "*to be continued*," in italic characters, between brackets. It is an odious phrase, and worthy of all reprobation, that "*to be continued*." I hate it as I do the gentleman I have just named. I eschew it as I do—not Satan, but the author of Satan—and all his works. How many Magazine readers has it prepared for St. Lukes ; how many Magazine proprietors has it committed to the Fleet ; how many innocent Magazines themselves has it caused to be gathered prematurely to the Spectators and Tatlers, and the others fathers of periodical literature ! Oh ! you "never ending, still beginning" writers, who, like the evil genius that haunted Brutus, cannot leave us at Sardes without promising to be with us again at Philippi, were there any wholesome discipline in the commonwealth of letters, a winter in Siberia, and a speech of Sir Charles Wetherell daily, would be the sure recompense of your misdeeds ! I wish I were an autocrat for your sakes. Willingly would I see the British constitution overturned to reach you. To your accomplices—I mean those who print and those who read you—I bear no malice. To the former I wish a cell and a keeper ; to the latter the guardianship of my Lord High Chancellor, the proper protector of unhappy individuals whose foreheads are inclined to the horizon at the angle of hopeless idiocy. Are you wise, Mr. Editor ! Let not the wisdom of Solomon, edged with the wit of Swift, prevail on you to send that paper to the press which, like a scorpion with a sting in its tail, concludes with a "*to be continued*." To the flames with it incontinently, or the tenure of your chair is not worth a week's purchase. Let any devil take it, but the printer's devil. Were it an essay of my Lord Verulam, your Magazine would not survive it. For myself, at least, I hate it as did Horace garlic,—Voltaire, Piron,—Mirabeau, a bishop ; I abhor it as churchmen do Cobbett, and the boroughmongers the memory of Jeremy Bentham. "*To be continued*," is at the bottom of half our calamities. The Irish tithe-system was tolerable, until Mr. Stanley informed us that it was "*to be continued* ;" the aggravating feature of the Marquis of Londonderry's fooleries in the House of Lords is, that from session to session, and from night to night, they are "*to be continued* ;" we shudder at the thoughts of an Easter pantomime, because we know, by sad experience, that for nearly half the season they are sure "*to be continued* ;" the knock of our tailor with his bill pierces us through and through like a drawn sword, for no other reason but our conviction that day after day, until the rascal is paid, it is "*to be continued* ;" we could endure one day, or even two, of that fellow with the monkey and hurdygurdy, but what unceneters and unmans us is our consciousness that, unless we assassinate him or procure his assassination, his performance is far more certain "*to be continued*," than our practice of breakfasting or dining. I could go on through half the woes that afflict humanity ; but of all our grievances of the "*to be continued*" class, there is none so hard to bear as an article in a Magazine ; for which reason it is, Mr. Editor, that this paper, like the rottenborough system, and (I think I may add) the Bench of Bishops, is

" *Not to be continued.*"

EUROPE AND HER DESPOTS.

No. II.—THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.

AN astonishing change has of late years taken place in Europe. The mysteries of courts have been laid open; the influence of negociation on the relative situation of states has declined, and the studies of those men whose public spirit or ambition devotes them to the service of their country, have been diverted from the intrigues of cabinets and the details of the diplomatic code to the liberal and manly pursuits of political philosophy. It would, however, be inculcating error to advance that the reign of diplomatic intrigue had entirely terminated; it still, unfortunately, exercises its evil influence on the destinies of Europe.

Of all the sovereigns in Europe, or even out of it, there is not one whose character is so antithetically mixed as that of the Emperor Francis. It combines an unassuming simplicity with despotic hauteur, a prepossessing frankness and *bonhomme* with jesuitical craft; while under an affectation of kindhearted indifference there lurks the most disgusting egotism and innate deceit. If to this singular admixture of opposite qualities we can discern a predominating principle, it is that of a phlegmatic indifference, "*à toute épreuve*," which amidst all the disasters that have marked his reign, when his throne itself was tottering, has never for an instant forsaken him. When quite a child his uncle the Emperor Joseph read his character with a discerning eye. "This good for nothing boy," said the reforming monarch, "will undo all that we have done." Prophetic words; for the death of Francis will disclose scenes of which Europe little dreams.

From the moment of his accession in 1792, up to the year 1812, he was solely guided by the Austrian oligarchy. All are aware of the animosity evinced by this body to the principles of the French revolution. Francis, during this period, deserted by his allies, betrayed by his generals, army after army scattered in the field by the all-spreading power of Napoleon, continued the contests with an obstinate pertinacity that neither treachery or defeat could weary. When the news of the battle of Marengo was brought to him, which wrested the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom from his grasp, and proved the grave of Austria's military glory, Francis listened to the details of the fight with a phlegmatic indifference, of which it is impossible to convey an idea; and on the aid-de-camp's finishing his relation, he rose, and without making the slightest comment, said to his chamberlain, "*Come, let us go, and feed the pigeons!*"

With such a prince at their head, we view with astonishment the immense exertions and heroic sacrifices of every class of his people during the fatal campaign of 1801. In the year 1813, Francis held the fate of Europe in his hands, and heedless of the ties of consanguinity that allied him to Napoleon, he decided it by joining the coalition against France. This was the work of Metternich; who, taking advantage of a wily indolence of character, that, feeling its own inability, throws itself on another, had gained an entire influence over his mind. From the moment that he threw himself into the arms of this minister it was observed that all his former simplicity forsook him, and was replaced by an overweening hauteur that could ill brook the slightest encroachment on his imperial authority. The nobles were neglected

their privileges invaded, and a system of moral degradation set at work calculated to break down the spirit of the proudest people, and render them the willing tools of despotism. *A well organised system of espionage pervaded every part of the empire, and glided into the bosom of every domestic circle. So well known is the fondness of the emperor for secret information, that the vilest of his subjects approaches his palace as a welcome guest, provided he brings with him some venomous secret; he is then sure to be rewarded. A smothered discontent pervades every part of his dominions. Francis is too well aware of this, and seeks to neutralize its operation by remission of taxes, and such like half measures. But though the system may last out his time, a fearful storm will burst upon the head of his successor.

We have alluded to one marked feature in the character of this monarch; one that it is almost impossible to ruffle: we allude to his phlegmatic indifference. Yet there is one talismanic word that has the power of kindling his eye and shaking his attenuated frame; this word, one that jars on the ear of every despot, is "Constitution." Shortly after the "pacification" of Europe, the Tyrolese, who were again transferred from the Bavarian to the Austrian sceptre, soon found the difference to their cost. Their mountains were overrun with Austrian douaniers; every vestige of their ancient constitution annihilated. A deputation accordingly, composed of two prelates, two noblemen, and two commons, waited upon Francis to pray for some alleviation, and the exercise of their right. "So you want a constitution, do you?" said the Emperor, trembling with rage. "We do, Francis," replied the commons, with mountaineer bluntness, while the more courtly prelates and nobles almost kissed the ground. "Well, you shall have one," said the Emperor; "but let me give you to understand that the army is mine; that if I want money I shall not ask you a second time; and, look ye, put a bridle on your tongues; I'll have no talking." To which eloquent improvisation the Tyrolese replied, "In that case we are better without any." "And so I think," said Francis, turning on his heel, and leaving the apartment.

But the nature of the most evil is not all evil. In his private life Francis is irreproachable. He rises early, devotes the forepart of the day to the despatch of public business, and twice a week holds a public levee, to which the meanest of his subjects has access. He dines about four, and if the weather be fine, takes a drive to the Prater, or amuses himself with his favourite pigeons. The evening he passes in the apartment of the Empress. He is fond of music, and excels on the violencello. His family he governs with the same despotic sway as his empire. Of the Archduke Charles he is jealous; John he calls a bookworm, and the Palatine a madman. His favourite is Reynier. But of all the members of his family the young Duke de Reichstadt possessed the greatest share of his tenderness. The death of this young prince has been almost immediately followed by two events, the probable influence of which on the political state of Europe must be looked forward to with anxiety. 1st. the arrival of his uncle, the ex-King Joseph, and now the elder branch of the imperial dynasty of Napoleon; and, secondly, the approaching departure for the Austrian dominions of Charles X. and the exiled Bourbons. Our own ministers, as well as the cabinet of Louis Philippe view their departure not without some secret misgivings—Metternich, as he has done all along, is playing a deep game: he no sooner loses the

lever he possessed in young Napoleon, than he skilfully repairs the loss by drawing the Bourbon family into his clutches.

The period for commencing a fierce crusade against the revolutionary principles of the three days, a project that has never slumbered, is on the eve of its development; the military despots have protocolled till the favourable moment for executing their machinations against freedom has arrived. The political elements of France are rife for an explosion and Louis Philippe is "*aux abois*." This will be found no vague conjecture—the offspring of a over heated imagination. A single glance at the map will convince us of its truth, and show us the allied armies taking up the identical basis of operations which they occupied in 1815; a line extending from the ocean to the Alps. The Austro-Bavarian army have their right on Mayence, their centre on Switzerland, and their extreme left on the passes of Piedmont. The Prussians extend from Mayence, or, rather, Sarre Louis to the frontiers of Holland; while the army of this latter power threatens the ephemeral kingdom of Belgium, and the Russian columns are cantoned on the Oder. In a few weeks these powers can bring 800,000 men in line. What has France to oppose to these formidable masses? We hear a great deal of the effective force of her army, of the project of *mobilizing* the hundreds of battalions of the national guard; the recollection of the memorable campaign of 1792 is still fresh on our memories, and may dazzle the imagination. But they will err, who seek to trace an imaginary future upon the recollection of this period, so fertile, we admit, in prodigies. The circumstances of the times are widely different. Then, a feeble coalition directed by paltry interests, and by a spirit of conquest sought to dismember the French territory. When effects can be traced to their cause, the results, however, cease to astonish us. The system of warfare pursued by the allies was absurd—an extended line of cordon, against some point of which it was only necessary to precipitate a powerful mass to insure success. It was to their superiority in strategy, and not to the superiority in the tactics and the composition of their armies—which at that period as in the present day, were as inferior *en masse* to the allied army, in every military requisite, as they are individually superior; thus Jomini, in his "*considerations sur les guerres de la revolution*," attributes the splendid successes of the French. But it must now be recollected that the strategy of Napoleon and the leading features of his *system de guerre*, are as well understood by the northern despots as by the marshals of France themselves. Again, we may look in vain for the patriotic elan that blazed so fiercely forth at the outbreak of the revolution, and produced such magnificent, such triumphant results. The present political horizon of France is overclouded with the shadows of coming events. The Carlists, undaunted by defeat, are again mustering in the south,—the republicans are assuming an imposing attitude in the capital; while the moderate party, disgusted with the timid policy, the *paix à tout prix* system, that sacrificed heroic Poland, and abandoned Italy, are deserting the king whose throne rocks beneath him. A few months, we predict, will bring about great events, and Louis Philippe will be awakened by the fire of the enemies bivouacs, to the galling conviction, that his abject crouching to the military powers has excited their attack. Late, too late, he will discover that his true policy consisted in seizing the initiative and marching with the movement.

THE CHÂTEAU.

A PAPER OF MY UNCLE'S.

"We have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is, that we make trifles of terrors; esconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."—*All's Well that Ends Well*.

EVERY man who is disposed, as he imagines, to retirement, should try its strength when totally divested of its pleasures. Loneliness is a formidable antagonist, to those, at least, whose lives have been expended in the daily intercourse of towns; of which we seriously admonish their habitual inhabitant, on no account to take a peevish leave, without a little previous probation of the woods and groves in winter. Let our half-intended *solitaire*, without the aid of extraordinary stimulants, whether bodily or mental, seek his hermitage on an inclement day, when the atmosphere has touched his temperament; when his pulse is low, the spirits flaccid, and the heavens are overcast; when the horizon is a hard outline, resting on a sullen, sunless sky: no sound around him but a fitful gust, or the lugubrious moaning of an autumnal day; when the rooks commence their visits to their nests, and the greenfinches flock, and the sere honors of the wood are scattered by the breath of heaven, like the deciduous generations of mankind. He will then find the "*genius loci*" arrayed in his repulsive influence, and may infer from his impressions whether he is equal to that conflict, in which the gaiety of youth, and even more, the staid sobriety of age, have so frequently, so forlornly, and confessedly succumbed. If thus conditioned as to heaven and earth, with a bottle of good Bordeaux, for we allow him *that*, and a Seneca in his pocket, he can relish both the author and his wine, the hermit is victorious. But we admit, in this experiment, of no stiff reeking mixtures, half and half, no shutting out of daylight ere the time, no cribbage-board and pot-companion; no, we admit of no such monstrous odds against the mute and invisible spirit of seclusion as the coward asked against the ghost—"with the fellow of his heart, and brandy, and a blunderbuss, he *dared* it to approach him!"

It is the business of the reader to remember where we left "my uncle" in our last; and if he has forgotten the tenor and conclusion of the "Table d'Hôte," we commend him to our August number, that his memory may be refreshed, and his combining faculty enabled to pursue the course of our relation; for it is absolutely necessary that a narrative should be intelligible, indeed, parliamentary speeches are the only species of intellectual effusion exonerated from the vulgar laws of reason and deduction; whence it is, that nineteen out of twenty contributions which assail us from the villas of senatorial ease are rejected, as requiring the Sibylline exposition; for, notwithstanding all our gallantry, we hold it an inviolable rule to close the porch of our fastidious coryphæus against all intrusions of old women, a resolution taken with the less compunction, as we see so many sanctuaries opened as the refuge of their harmless dotage and prolixity.

There is something so ungracious in the frequent introduction of that selfish pronoun which supplies us with the *clymon* of egotism, that we

shall take the due precaution of recording the opinions of our relative, as if he formed a part and parcel of the subject-matter of his narrative. He had formed his notions of a solitude on one of those comfortable misconceptions, under which the unreflecting portion of our species are led into adoptions, at once delusive and instructive. In the joyous beauty of a summer's day, he beheld his château with inexpressible delight. The bright sun, the glowing foliage, the refreshing shade, the song of birds, the murmur of his fountain, the luxuriant fruit and flowers, alike delicious in their hue and fragrance, had imparted to his fancy that creative foretaste of delight, which, like the credulous happiness of youth, appears too fresh and vigorous to be subjected to the mortal law of gradual decay and ultimate cessation. The natural beauties of his retreat elect were of that simple, wild, and gay exuberance, which conveys the image of its own profuse fertility and joyance to the mirror of a fond imagination. The preliminaries of his lease had been discussed; the items yet remained for settlement. On the day of his induction he was led through his future mansion by his landlady, the countess; a *çi-devant enjouée* of some fifty years; wordly, and, but for the obtrusions of her selfishness, well bred. She dilated on the beauty of much faded finery; pointed out the dim remains of gilding which occasionally struggled through the dust with which her furniture was covered; offered to my uncle's use a vast variety of mildewed portraits, in the riant costume of the æra of the *grand Louis*; exhibited with perfect nonchalance the various appointments of the bedchambers, at which my uncle's *mauvaise hôte* was laughably elicited; and from the practice of profuse laudation, for she was a large proprietor, bestowed as many eloquent encomiums on a compilation of incongruous rubbish, as Mr. Robins, in the rostrum of appraisement, could confer on some ancestral mansion, which the pleasures of St. James's have subjected to the disposal of his estranging hammer. On the discussion of the lease, my uncle had to battle every clause with much exception and minuteness: every point was pregnant with suspicion; precautionary in the extreme, anticipating and restrictive. But my uncle's firm composure easily defeated all the countess's concerted plans of overreaching, and after much apparent earnestness on her part, she conceded with an air of infinite contentment and affability such points as to my relative appeared essential to his comfortable occupancy of the château.

When the countess had mounted her ass, on which humble animal she usually made her *tours* in the vicinity, herself and retinue withdrew, and left my uncle to the contemplation of the ruins, of which he was now the inhabitant. It seemed, from the long line of irregular building, that the château had been the work of opulence and fantasy at one time, and of poverty and mere necessity at others. Each successive generation had added something to the old original, and mostly in the style and taste of its respective æra. There was still remaining much of that carved foliage and tracery, in which the French delighted and excelled in former times; pilasters, and compartments with classic subjects in relief. Then came a solid mass of simple masonry, in which several former windows were blocked up with naked brick. The niches, here and there, retained a mutilated statue of some sylvan deity, and at the extremity of the more ancient portion of the pile, were discoverable some concomitant emblems of the crucifixion. The chapel was transformed into a cow-house, and was still surmounted by a clocker, where

the clock and weathercock no longer owned the influence of time or wind.

The spirit of solitude could hardly have been stronger than it was on this occasion, to a person of my uncle's feeling heart. The scene around him spoke of days of splendour past, of generations gone—perhaps forgotten. How Jaquez could have moralized on such a spot! The labours of the limner, in spite of damp, and the profuse pall of the spider, still exhibited on the walls of the interior forms of youth and beauty, which my uncle's retrospective faculty could conjure up into their living loveliness, and see them in their shadowy *bosquets*, the beauteous, happy beings of their transient hour. The church bell of the village was tolling the *salut*, and the slanting sunbeams hardly gave a cognizable form to the lengthened shadow of the trees that were gilded with his parting rays. Every ingredient in the potent spell of loneliness asserted its pretension; the shattered *volans*, the dismantled dove-cote, the sun-dial overgrown with moss, the rank luxuriance of commingled bramble, dog-rose, weed, and wall-flower, that gathered round the porch, impressed my relative with serious fancies and unexpected recollections, which subsided into musing melancholy. He had much to do, yet, how to move, when all the host of blighted hopes, and love's remembrance, and the loss of friendship, and the memory of childhood, home, and parentage, beset him at so helpless, at so weak a moment? He felt himself an isolated exile, in the forsaken mansion of another; and I doubt if Democritus himself had smiled to see the placid tenderness that dwelt upon my uncle's features, as he sat on a reclining tree, more like a statue than a thing of life, with his sympathizing spaniel, on his haunches, looking sadly in his face, before him.

My uncle, at the conclusion of his reverie, retired to bed. He slept well, rose early, ate with appetite, felt the invigorating influence of good pure air, and his heart was beginning to dilate with that real luxury of retirement, which is based on the independence of pursuit, and a rational fondness for books, and exercise and meditation—when, to his inexpressible amazement and discomfort, he saw two English figures at his gate, as close in their resemblance to each other as a penny piece and halfpenny of any coinage since the abolition of the Tower coppers.

My uncle instantly and rightly guessed that these were two compatriots, resident in his vicinity. The *call*, though somewhat troublesome to one accustomed to the choice of his associates, being one of pure civility, commanded a polite reception. The two visitors were a Mr. Smith and his only son; the former a man of easy circumstances, retired from business, and though an absolute *vulgarian*, infected with the mania of turning "gentleman" abroad. No personage could be imagined more purely English of his kind than Mr. Smith—John Smith—as he emphatically called himself, apparently glorying in the vulgarity of his laconic names. He was a precise specimen of a man, who carries to the last extreme of supposition the exercise of personal rights; and the fact was, that with these indisputable pretensions, he was a very just man, a very good man—particularly ill-bred, a boring politician, and most insufferably disagreeable. He was a constant student of an old abridged encyclopædia, which he held to be the standard and extent of human knowledge; and as he attached the highest possible respect to *his* edition, chiefly on the score of age, he treated all the novel points of science and discovery as mere "new-fangled humbug," which he scouted as the

prejudice and jealousy of later "authors," who always thought themselves superior to their predecessors. Mr. Smith's peculiar delight was the hereditary rudeness and moroseness of his son, another John Smith, the counterpart in person, soul, and conduct, of himself. He had the same turnip-shaped head; the same two dabs of red on the flesh above the cheek bones; the same cocked-up nose, and expanded nostril, in which was manifest the very residence of civil impudence and obnoxious right. The son was governed precisely by the father's *maxims*; his every rule of life (and John Smith, senior, had a fine *fasciculus* of these important axioms) was gathered from his oracular parent. Mr. Smith's costume was the result of *right*; for every man undoubtedly has the inherent privilege to run counter, if he will, to all the usages of dress. His coat not only was out of fashion, it was directly opposite to fashion; an immensity of width and length in back and skirts, and a double force of convex buttons. His waistcoat was of thick-cut plush, and his breeches—for it would be absurd to abuse the English language to denominate them *small clothes*—were of honest corderoy, and of so permanent and stiff a character, that you could hear John Smith approaching by the friction of his *inexpressibles*, as easily as the Hellenics knew Apollo's advent by the clanging of his quiver. Every assertion of the son and father rested on the dictum of each other. When Smith had taken a position, with an infinitude of ill-bred, stolid dogmatism, and when he had concluded what he called *his argument*, which was usually a string of unsupported asseverations, his grand "*probatum est*" was "Ask John Smith, else." The son, reciprocating the politeness, and following the logic of the father, wound up, as stoutly and as certainly, "Ask father, else." As we shall have occasion to encounter John Smith's society hereafter, we shall cut him here as shortly as we can. Any man, who ever has been fool enough to take a ruin, and attempt, on slender means, to adapt it to the purposes of living, may remember what a pleasant thing it is to be supplied, on every call, with the suggestions of a visitor. It therefore will suffice to let the reader know my relative's impression of John Smith, when he is told that he bestowed upon my uncle a multitude of plans and maxims, and favored him spontaneously with his advice, a thing my uncle cordially detested, as he knew that great advisers rarely take the trouble to consider; that if they did, not one in twenty has the judgment requisite to form a just conclusion; and that gratuitous admonition is usually the offspring of a fond loquacity, wherein the counsellor designs to show off his ability at our expence of patience.

My uncle heartily congratulated himself on the departure of the Smiths, and having usefully worn out the remnant of his morning, was tranquilly seated at his soup, when his *Flamande* told him he was wanted by a *gentleman*. My uncle rose, and found it was a beggar, who was sitting smoking by the kitchen fire, and had waited on him for a pair of shoes, some bouillon, and three sols, with which to purchase some tobacco. The latter two requests my uncle willingly complied with, but as to the shoes, he said, that at the moment he had none to part with; that when he had a pair which he should use no longer, he would certainly reserve them for the modest mendicant. The beggar, who had eyed my uncle's range of *chaussure* on his boot-horse, seemed rather disconcerted at this delay; but having particularized the pair which he judiciously preferred, (for they were new) consented to the

hard necessity of waiting for my uncle's shoes, and promised to return for them before the expiration of a month. As the mendicant appeared by no means anxious to depart, my uncle left him at his ease, and returned to the discussion of his dinner; during which, he heard his visitor applying every question to the Flamande on the subject of his means, his character, his pursuits, the objects of his coming, the quality and number of his wines, his strength of stock—in short, acquiring, by a point-blank catechism, an inventory of his personal effects, and an account of every thing about him. The Flamande answered with as much detail as if she had been a heretic replying to the grand inquisitor. When the list of his inquiries was exhausted, he walked before my uncle's window, and, looking wistfully upon his wine, adverted to its cost. My uncle answered, and regaled him with a glass. He next inquired if the utensils on the table were of solid silver, or mere plated ware, continuing still to smoke, to expectorate, and gaze upon my relative, who little relished the intrusion; which the mendicant observing, plucked a flower, and bid my uncle a good day, a *démarche* occasioned by his seeing in the avenue a string of his profession, who were flocking to the *Anglais* for their Friday's sou. These visits of the mendicants are troublesome at first, but like all other minor evils, are rendered tolerable by the strength of habit, and an effort at endurance. Not so the depredations practised on my uncle's fruit, an offence to which not even custom (and it was of quick recurrence) could reconcile him. His garden was his hobby. In many instances, these spoliations were the evident effect of wanton mischief; in others, they appeared the work of sheer starvation; and an Englishman's domain is looked on as the ground of lawful plunder, where the rigors of the law cannot protect the gardens of the natives, even from the midnight outrages of penury and wretchedness. But there is an art in being happy; and that art my uncle understood. He accommodated himself to disagreeables, and disarmed them, as he might, by the exertion of his temper. His grand project of retirement was, however, utterly destroyed; for no sooner had he found the quiet *quartier* of his solitude, that "haven of his hopes," than the vicinity became the haunt of many of his countrymen; and shortly after his establishment in what he had prospectively beheld as a seclusion, he was thoroughly surrounded by a colony of economizing English. My uncle's neighbours will be better known, if we relate the humours of a party, to which he was invited at the *campagne* of the nabob; our old acquaintance, Mr. Blunt. The pompous Indian's residence was chosen for its towering aspect, and the length of face which it presented to the passer by. It was plump against the road, and seemed a curious experiment in architecture, of the smallest given quantity of brick and mortar that could combine the largest number possible of doors and windows. It looked more like an English cotton manufactory or paper mill, than the abode of any private individual. It was almost all window, roof, and door, with an enormous yellow ochre column on each flank; the one surmounted by a grinning Pan, the other by a Dutch-built, masculine Bacchante, who held a chalice in her hand, and owned such peculiar conformation and rotundity, that the beholder trembled for the fabric on which she had reposed her overgrown dimensions.

Mr. Killjoy, Mr. Thompson and his wife, the two John Smiths, the Oxford scholars, a Major Dry-rot and his lady, besides my uncle, were the number asked to honour Mr. Blunt's display. The interlopers we

shall mention incidentally. As certain of the persons present had come some leagues to the repast, in open carriages, the first attempt of Kill-joy was to throw a gloom across the party, by predicting a tremendous storm; he sat apart from all the company, his eye directed wistfully towards some gathering clouds; emitting now and then a languid sigh, and doing all in speech and manner that could possibly affect the spirits of the guests. John Smith, who held him in ineffable contempt, retorted his forebodings with a most emphatic "Fudge!" The major, who affected infinite good breeding, assented with a ghastly smile to every observation, which came upon the party like a minute gun: he had neither time nor thought for conversation, being hopelessly employed in the conciliation of a mind and heart that had been basely bartered by avaricious parents for his wealth, and ultimately sacrificed to his disgusting importunities. The major was a stingy, little, ugly sensualist; his heart absorbed by money and the hope of Mrs. Dry-rot's love; he was perpetually casting (what he meant for) loving looks at her perfections, which were answered by an eye of meek but cold aversion, in which the duty and decorum of a wretched lovely girl, were struggling with the insurmountable and strenuous feelings of confirmed disgust. She seemed ashamed of the hypocrisy that entered in her form of speech, as occasions rose of calling such a living skeleton "my dear;" and notwithstanding this, the pertinacious dotard lavished still his chilling assiduities on the unwilling girl, and looked all things unspeakable as he turned his bilious eyes upon his *purchase*, and clothed his parchment coloured features with a frightful leer. Thompson never spoke, by any chance, unless addressed; and then his manner and response were those of an awakened man; he shook his very frame, assumed a new position on his chair, and rubbed his hands; and if he could escape with so much brevity, his answer was a pat enunciation of "Ha! ha!" Not so, the partner of his bed—the *endless Mrs. Thompson*, as they curiously called her; the fond encomiast and idolater of her obnoxious offspring, Theodosius. There was quite sufficient of the dull ingredient here to give a sad complexion to the party. Besides there mostly is a something *triste* among the English before dinner; their discourse is *fade*; their gaiety, if any forced; they need the stimulant—an Englishman's a very sombre fellow truly, till he has his bottle. Blunt was disconcerted; the Oxford scholars had been asked, and neither came nor sent excuses for their absence; dinner was an hour later than the time appointed, and the guests were either looking vacantly upon each other, or voraciously upon the door.

But the crown to all these evils, was the unexpected honour on the part of Mr. Thompson and his lady, of a visit from their uninvited son; whom they had taken the liberty to bring with them. He was a boy between eleven and twelve, who having passed with eminent stupidity through all the superficial trash of an inferior English school, had come abroad to finish, what they called his education, by a dozen lessons from a foreign dancing master. He was naturally selfish, domineering, rude, and petulant, and had become, of course, beneath the government of an indulgent foolish mother, that most obnoxious of all animals—quadruped or biped—a perfect specimen of an ill-mannered child. The urchin's face and figure were indicant of his abominable disposition. His hair, which all the plastering and combing of the mother, in vain attempted to distort from its resemblance to the bristles of a hearth-

brush, were something like so many bunches of unkindly parsnips, and protruded like a ruined house-thatch over a pair of sunken greedy pig's eyes, and a little cocked up snout, with an odious expanse of gaping nostril. Where other beings usually *sport* their ears, the beloved Apollo of Mrs. Thompson, exhibited the likeness of a pair of swinging oyster shells, of which the upper flaps had been subdued into the shape of ledges, by the constant habit of depressing them beneath the margin of his hat. His mouth reminded you of a patent rat-trap, and when "the love" was pleased into a grin, developed an irregular but formidable force of sharp, and round, and broad demolishers, which to the eye of fancy might have seemed a model of the mountain scenery of Switzerland. The charmer had as fair a quantity of dew-lap, as any bloated Spanish pointer. Two high round shoulders, and a pair of undeniable supporters, constituting, from the knees, a good sized Roman V subverted, will complete the reader's notion of Master Theodosius Thompson's Phœbeian face and symmetry. All the boy's untoward inclinations had been senselessly confirmed by the fatal weakness of an ignorant and doating mother; reproof of the susceptible Theodosius was forbidden, lest his spirit should be checked, and his every fault was amply extenuated on the plea of childhood. He was helped first at table, because he was a mere child—allowed to lie, because he was but a child—to bear false witness and tell tales against the servants and his comrades, because he was but a child; and to be a general torment and incessant nuisance, wheresoever he might be, with the same omnipotent apology in his behalf. Through the creature's obtuse and contracted faculties there ran a vein of craft, sometimes mistaken for capacity, and vulgarly for shrewdness—to be brief, though yet a boy, he had the *juste morale* of an adult attorney of the worst description; and to give due credit to the discrimination of the loving parents, he is designed to practice in the Marshalsea, and hold his court of persecution in the classic soil of Clifford's-inn.

It so happened that in the interval between the arrival of the guests and the service of dinner, this very amiable *mélange* selected no less a personage than John Smith the elder, as the object of his assiduities; and as the conversation of that important gentleman with a tiresome child, supplies a happy model of its kind, we shall first recite—precisely in my uncle's words—the colloquy that passed between the *ingenuus puer* and his astute examiner. "Well, sir; and, where do you go to school?" said Smith, laying his hand upon the parsnips, with what the Latins termed a fond *poppysma*. "I know;" said looby. "Oh! my pippin, tell the gentleman," said Mrs. Thompson. "No I sha'n't;" said looby. "Oh, dear! that's naughty!" said the amiable Mr. Smith. "No, it a'n't," said the cub. "He goes to school at Islington, sir:" said Mrs. Thompson, "don't you Theodosius, darling?" But Master Thompson took the sulks at this untimely intimation of his mother's; and was just upon the point of blubbering, when Mr. Smith's revived inquiries restored the boy's serenity. "I dare say, master Theodosius, you were very sorry to come home."—"No, I wasn't, though;" replied the animal, as he leaned half over a chair back, and kicked his heels up to the seat of honour. "And what *book*, sir, are you reading now?" said Smith, with that kind of pompous confidence, which cowards use at the approach of danger, for he felt that he was treading upon perilous ground. "I know," said the boy. "Come let

me hear then," said Smith.—"No, I won't; ah! you can't tell what book I'm reading now."—"Cordéry, perhaps," said Smith. "No, nor it an't Cordéry, neither;" said Master Theodosius Thompson. As Smith had tried the erudition of his partner in this dialogue, to the extent of his own puerile researches, he now began to question him diffusely on more erudite particulars. "Can you tell me who Julius Cæsar was?"—"The first King of Rome," said the boy, pat. "Good boy!" responded Smith. "And who was Moses?"—"Ah! we haven't come to *that* yet;" said the youthful proficient. "Come, then," said Smith, as he gained courage from the child's enormous ignorance, "then tell me, who was Telemaque?"—"The son of—of—of—" and here he hesitated in his prompting, being somewhat doubtful—though retaining a confused remembrance of his school-books—"Of Gil Blas," said the cub, guessingly. "Good boy;" said the *instruct*. "Oh, yes, madam, I see your little boy has had great justice done him."—"Oh! dear sir, yes;" said Mrs. Thompson, "Mr. T. and me is so particular, I think that education is *such* a blessing!"—"Oh, ma'am, its every thing," said Smith; and this Athenian dialogue would, doubtless, have been much protracted but for the enlivening summons, which announced the readiness of the repast.

Mr. Blunt's *chevaux*, as he called them, borrowing from the rich vocabulary of the East, were of that comprehensive character, that they united on the cheapest of all possible plans, the pomposity, discomfort, and confusion of a large repast, administered by a superfluity of inexperienced attendants. He was a man of too much consequence to seat his friends to three good wholesome dishes, and the service of two well-trained domestics. No; he must place before them all the mysteries of Comus, and employ an inexpert and careless multitude to give an air of grandeur to his retinue. The conduct of the feast was wholly governed by a Mrs. Simpson, a kind of forward, self-sufficient *slam-mikin*; a questionable kind of being, half the friend, a distant relative, and secret confidante of Mrs. Blunt's—and worse than all, a person "who had seen better times;" a character, in short, so conflictingly composed, that it defied the tact of casuistry itself, to treat her on an equitable consistent footing, with reference to her duties as a servant, and her claims on friendship and affinity; in each of which important characters, the *rights* of Mrs. Simpson would infallibly rear up, when Mr. Blunt's magnificence required the plain unqualified subordination of an ordinary servant. Blunt's obtrusive hints on any point of cookery, excepting curry, country-captain, and cabobs (which were confined to him by covenant) were met by Mrs. Simpson's asking, whether he or she were the cook? Blunt had but to specify and Mrs. Simpson to perform. He had, on this occasion, consequently launched out into the pride of nomenclature, and proposed a most entrancing series of refection, every article of which, beneath the jealous powers of Mrs. Simpson, was an act of absolute high treason against the sovereign authority of Beauvilliers; so that the *carte* and the *effet*, even like the witches of Macbeth, "who kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope." Mrs. Simpson's zeal too, which was all show and flurry, was odiously irksome. She looked like Thalestris animating the bands of Tanaïs, by fiery exhortation and example; her velocity would sometimes upset a tumbler, or spill the liquid contents of a dish; while the loosened lappets of her cap would, occasionally, flap the nose or cheek of some

defenceless guest, as she leaned over him. She eyed the errors of the servants with a kind of pugnacious ferocity as she called out "no—*ici*—no—*là*—" and as the attendants for the day had never served in such capacity before, the word of command from Mrs. Simpson, in execrable French, and always in the shrill accent of reproof, inspired the obedience of the servitors with such precipitation, that their rapid counter-marches, advances, retreats—with the recurring collision of things brought in and things withdrawn, supplied an admirable representation of a sham engagement.

Blunt's very soul was concentrated in two or three dishes, on which he had bestowed the acme of his oriental skill, and as he was bustling through the honours of the table, with a sort of petulant anxiety, his ardour of despatch was painfully checked by the would-be courtesy of certain of his guests, who deferred to the precedence of each other, or "preferred to wait a little;" so that the Indian, who was ready to to dispense the reeking contents of a soup tureen, was left in the *auxiliary position*, with a plate in one hand and a ladle in the other, till the contest on priority had subsided. But there was one distinguished individual at the table who had no doubt whatever on the subject of precedence; and this was Master Theodosius Thompson, who was pouting like a moulting bull-finch, and just arranging his lovely features into unison before he treated the society to a burst of blubbering. Mr. Blunt, who wished the urchin at the devil, attempted some pacificatory remark, which Master Thompson treated with becoming sulks, and as the charming youth's indisputable rights had been so rudely violated by the host, he chose to rise from table, with his face as red as scarlet, and saying he did not *want* any dinner, retreated, to the Indian's consternation, to the garden, where the *élite* of Mr. Blunt's self-destined wall-fruit, of necessity, became a prey to so intractable and greedy an intruder. As to the repast, where the aspiring host expected a discriminating approbation, the Smiths, who *ventured* upon every dish, inquired its name. Thompson, like a steady workman, carried on his operations in unbroken silence. Mrs. Dry-rot drooped. The major, who, notwithstanding his proverbial stinginess, was all for grandeur and effect, pretended to a fund of delicate research and information; for he had studied all the *cartes* of the Parisian *cafés*, though he never had the soul to order any dish exceeding half a frank in cost; and though pomposity itself, the tyrant passion of an Indian, could never drive him to expand the *battans* of his *salle à manger* to a guest, he talked magnificently of his *chef* and *valet*; the former a half cast Frenchman whom the major had met *on board* on his return from India, and who had picked up his perfections in the galley of a country-trader—while the valet was a pining starveling in a gaudy coat, a ghost in livery, who daily stunned the neighbourhood by his performance for an hour together on his master's dinner bell; so serious a prelude to so sad a sequence, that the music of the famished child was likened by the jesters to the singing of the swan before its dissolution.

MURAT ON AMERICA. *

THE volume before us affords some evidence of that variety of fortune which, since the fall of their chief, has befallen the Buonaparte family. While the ex-king of Spain has been living in one part of America, in the midst of wealth and profusion, the Prince-Royal of the Two Sicilies, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish himself as a farmer in Florida, and after measuring his strength at the bar with "brother Jonathan," has been compelled to seek his living as a soldier of fortune, first in the service of King Leopold, of Belgium, and since in that of the young Queen of Portugal.

The letters, of which the volume consists, are addressed to the author's friend, Count Thibeaudan, and are dated some of them from his farm in Florida, some from his subsequent place of residence at Lipona, one or two from London, and the rest from Brussels. In returning to Europe, soon after the French revolution, he tells us that he expected to find the frontier open to him, and that having been disappointed in that expectation, he was compelled to seek employment in a neighbouring state. His previous changes are thus alluded to in his first letter from Brussels:—

"My life has been greatly agitated. Chance has placed me in many singular positions, many of them contradictory to each other. I have always obeyed her dictates, curious to see where the stream would lead me on which I had embarked; and, in faith, I have never found myself far astray. I have gathered flowers on the banks to which I have been carried, without knowing well how, and the shore which I expected to find the most barren, has often proved the most fruitful in agreeable sensations. Established in a new country, like that I have described, a reverse of fortune placed my finances in a situation of embarrassment. At the age of six and twenty I resolved on becoming an advocate. I purchased from one of my neighbours, who was leaving off practice, his professional library, for which I gave him a pair of oxen, and a bill of exchange payable at a distant date. During the following winter I applied myself to the study of law, without, however, abandoning my plantation till the spring, when I finally withdrew from the business of farming."

The change here spoken of is trifling to that which he elsewhere describes of a New England carpenter, who, like the Americans in general, had been well educated, but who, had he remained at home, would probably have been a carpenter for life. This person left his native town, and went to one of the new countries of the West, to establish himself on the banks of one of their great rivers as a builder. Although without capital, he found no difficulty in contracting for the erection first of private houses, and afterwards of public edifices, on credit. His workmen were paid on credit, and he himself lived on credit at his inn or boarding-house. In spite of these disadvantages the

* *Esquisse Morale et Politique des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord*, par Achille Murat, Citoyen des Etats-Unis, Colonel Honoraire dans l'Armée Belge; ci-devant Prince Royal des Deux Sicilies. Paris, Crochard, 1832.

builder began to thrive ; he bought a piece of land, built mills and manufactories upon it, and so became a miller and manufacturer. With his first cargo he went to New Orleans, and was there induced to enter on other speculations. He purchased a steam-boat for the convenience of his trade, and ultimately established himself in that city as a merchant. A great speculation soon presented itself, on which he readily entered, and in consequence of an error in his calculations, he lost all that he possessed. There was nothing to prevent him, however, from beginning the world again. Being known as a man of enterprise he soon found an individual or a company who confided to him first the direction of a wood-yard, then the management of a plantation, afterwards the erection of a house, and finally the command of a steam-vessel. In the course of these changes he was not idle. The savings of his salary he applied to the purposes of speculation, and at the end of a couple of years was able to start once more from a higher point than that at which he had first set out on leaving his native town. He set up an inn, and undertook, in addition, to contract for the execution of works of all sorts. He made himself exceedingly popular, was elected first an officer of militia, and in succession a justice of the peace, a member of the state legislature, and finally a member of Congress. Finding himself admired as a public speaker, he resolved to cultivate his newly discovered talent. During the interval of two sessions he applied himself to the study of the law, and before the next meeting of Congress was regularly called to the bar. In the meantime, while thus applying himself to the business of the state, his own affairs were neglected. He was once more reduced to poverty, and had the mortification to find that he was not re-elected to his seat in the legislature. He applied himself, however, with zeal to the practice of his new profession, and with corresponding success ; he became a director of the Bank of the United States, the governor of his native state, and ended his career as a judge in one of the supreme courts at Washington.

In spite of his own failure, M. Murat speaks of the period he passed at the American bar as one of the most agreeable of his life. He expected, he says, to find it extremely irksome, because it was so completely opposed to all his previous habits, tastes, and ideas ; but, on the contrary, he says that he could pass his life there with pleasure " even if forced to be silent." In America he tells us that the lawyers are the only statesmen, the true aristocracy of the country, and that, in general, the members of the same bar, however warmly they may dispute in court, live together in the greatest harmony. Of the assizes he speaks as of a sort of festival, at which the principal inhabitants of the assize town are the entertainers, and the court, its officers, and its bar are the guests. In his later letters from London and Brussels, he compares the style of oratory in the United States with that of England, and does not hesitate to give his preference to the former. " I have had opportunities," he says, " of hearing the principal speakers in Great Britain, but I am bound in conscience to say that there is no man in the English Parliament who speaks like Clay, Webster, Wirt, Berrien, Hopkinson, or Haine. Had they subjects half as interesting to discuss, with what lustre would they not surround them ! But the time is coming when the American Congress, like the British Parliament, and the forum of ancient Rome, will become the *arbiter gentium*."

The personal history and adventures of the author are not often

one - guess, which is the other ?

obtruded on the reader's attention in the course of his work. Had he been less chary in this respect, the book would have been at once more attractive and more valuable. His opinions, however, although not always supported by the soundest reasoning, are expressed without fear or favour, and where they relate to subjects on which he has had better opportunities of being well informed than ourselves, we are bound to receive them, at least, without prejudice. In "diminution of the record," however, as to the style of parliamentary eloquence in England and America, it may not be unfair to suggest, that as our critic's knowledge of the English language was acquired on the other side of the Atlantic, he could scarcely be sensible of those blemishes of style which are peculiar to the New World, and, on the other hand, it is not perhaps impossible that when he heard the language spoken in its purity, he may have mistaken that very purity for error, because it did not coincide with the models which his previous education had formed for him.

Our author's professional duties were not so overwhelming as to prevent his making a campaign against the Indians, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to a General of Brigade, who marched against the red people at the head of a corps of three hundred mounted riflemen. He tells us that he alone formed the whole staff of the army, and that he returned from the campaign with the rank of Colonel, but probably without finding his finances much improved by the acquisition. Of these sharpshooters he speaks in terms of the highest commendation. They are men, he says, inured to every sort of hardship and privation. Each mounted on his own horse, every pace of which he knows, and armed with his faithful carabine, to which himself and his family have often been indebted for a dinner in time of need, he treats a campaign as a party of pleasure, and makes light of every species of fatigue. His dog assists him in following the track either of a stag or of an enemy, and he is himself so well acquainted with the woods that he can find his way through them guided only by the sun, or by the bark of the trees. He wears no uniform, but joins his corps in his ordinary dress, made of stuff which has probably been spun and woven by his wife, from the produce of his farm. An otter skin, skilfully folded and sewed, contains his store of ammunition and tobacco, the means of striking a light and making a fire. A wallet behind his saddle contains a supply of provender for himself and his horse, the steed being as little of an epicure in his tastes as his master. A few handfuls of Indian corn is all that the horse requires during the day. On reaching the place of encampment at night he is disencumbered of his accoutrements, and two of his feet being tied together, he is let loose into the wood, where he makes a frugal supper of the grass which there abounds. The discipline of such a corps is not, of course, very rigorous. Each man makes war on his own account, and as if by instinct, in a sort of hunting party on a large scale. It was troops of this species, however, that most distinguished themselves at the battle of New Orleans.

"I shall never forget," says M. Murat, "the midnight passage of the ford of Whithlicootchie, lighted up by our camp fires, and by the brighter but more distant blaze of the wood, which the Indians had ignited to cover their retreat. This great river, in all the majesty of virgin nature, flowed between two perpendicular banks of rock, nearly sixty feet in height. A steep and narrow path led from each

side to the ford. The full moon was reflected in the water, the brightness of whose surface was only interrupted by the long dark line of troops, marching in single files."

"In this state we continued for upwards of six weeks, on horseback all day, and encamped in the woods during the night. We did not fall in with the Indians more than three or four times, but it was easy to see from their traces that they were swarming in our immediate neighbourhood, and that we were, in fact, constantly surrounded by them. One night they attacked our camp, and in the attempt lost two of their men. Another day they disputed a ford with us, and lost three of their party in the skirmish. At another time seven were taken prisoners on a small island at the mouth of a river, and were brought to trial, but acquitted by the jury. The original cause of this war was the massacre of a white family in my neighbourhood, under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity. Six white children, from two to twelve years of age, had been burnt alive, and their father not less horribly butchered. It was to arrest the murderers, to compel the other Indians to retire within their own boundaries, to secure the tranquillity of the neighbourhood, and protect it against a general massacre, that we took up arms on this occasion, and I may add, that our efforts were attended with success."

The manners of the Americans are spoken of by M. Murat in a very different tone from that of Mrs. Trollope. "It is the spirit of independence," he says, "produced by their form of government, which chiefly distinguishes them from the English; for physically and externally they are very much alike. If you go, for instance, into what is called the best society of New York, you will find very little difference between them and the corresponding classes in London. At New York this circle is composed of merchants who have just reached the top of the wheel, where in all probability they will not long remain. They avail themselves of their day of prosperity to make a parade of as much luxury and folly as their means can command. They have all made a voyage to Europe, and endeavour to ape the exclusive manners of which they have been the victims on the other side of the Atlantic; affect to imitate whatever is foreign, and to regard America as a barbarous country, where nothing elegant has ever been invented, not even the *gallopade*, or sleeves *en gigot de Mouton*. The first European swindler who takes the trouble to pass himself off as a Duke or a Marquis is sure to be received with open arms, until he begins to dip too deeply into their purses. In this class of society there is also an affectation of avoiding politics, at least in conversation, because it is supposed to be bad taste 'in London.'" Their great object is to teach what M. Murat calls the *nullity* of London conversation, and in general he assures us that they are tolerably successful.

Among the merchants of New York, however, there are many who make no attempt to copy our European manners, and who, with the lawyers, the physicians, and the local magistracy, may be regarded as truly American, although it cannot be doubted that the whole mass of society in the city of New York is more deeply tinged with the manners of the old country than any other part of the Union, just because their intercourse with Europe is more constant, and the number of foreign residents among them more considerable.

The proverbial tranquillity of Philadelphia has not escaped the

notice of M. Murat. There is no rattling of carriages, he says; the need of them being superseded by the admirable cleanness of the streets. There is no Broadway which he thinks only inferior to Regent-Street, to serve as a rallying point for the *beau monde* of the Quaker city. Chesnut-Street, however, is becoming an exception to the general sameness; and Carey and Lea's Library, about mid-day, is the place to see the sad-coloured gaiety of Philadelphia. In the society of the Pennsylvanian capital, however, there is a greater show of learning than in that of New York. The professors of the university give the tone to it, and naturally bring with them a certain degree of pedantry. The periodical meetings of the savans of Philadelphia are well known to all European travellers who take the trouble to provide themselves with the necessary letters of introduction. They take place, on stated days, at the houses of the leading members of this class of society, where the entertainment consists of conversation on science, literature, and art, without excluding an occasional infusion of politics, and regularly terminates with a supper; the whole conveying an idea, to a stranger, of the intelligence and urbanity of the inhabitants.

It is of Charleston, however, that M. Murat speaks with the greatest zest. It is there, he says, that you enjoy what he calls the luxury of American society, consisting of planters, lawyers, and physicians. The manners of the South, he says, are unexceptionable; the minds of the inhabitants are highly cultivated, and conversation turns to a thousand topics with ease, facility, and grace. The affectation of frivolity and of foreign manners, is as completely banished, as that of pedantry and religious hypocrisy; all is intellectual, rational, and virtuous. Charleston is the ordinary residence of many of the most distinguished statesmen of the Union; and he tells us that they do not scruple to explain their views to their fellow citizens, when they meet together in society.

In Virginia, what is called good society, is more spread over the whole surface of the state than in other parts of the Union, in consequence of the want of a great capital, to form a point of attraction, and to give it an exclusive tone. Virginian hospitality is proverbial, even in America, and M. Murat assures us that the character has been justly acquired. The town of Richmond, he says, is more like Charleston than any other of the American cities; by which, of course, he means to speak of its society in terms of commendation.

New Orleans, he tells us, presents a complete contrast to all the other cities of the Union. Here, he says, there is no education or intelligence, and, of course, no conversation, learned, literary, or intellectual. There are, he says, but three booksellers in a town containing sixty thousand inhabitants, and their stores are filled with the trash and the refuse of French literature. But if they do not talk, they eat, dance, make love, and play. *Les bals de quateronnes*, he describes as quite peculiar to New Orleans, the free women of colour being admitted to have the honour of dancing with their lords, the whites, while men of the same shade are rigorously excluded. It is a most extraordinary spectacle to see several hundred young women, all extremely well dressed and handsome, and of every variety of tint, from that of *café à la crème*, to the most delicate *blonde*, assembled in the magnificent drawing-rooms of New Orleans, to exhibit their venal graces to the fashionable society of that dissipated and voluptuous city. The gaming-houses of New Orleans are also numerous, and have become the ruin of many of the young

men of Kentucky, who go to spend their carnival in this Babylon of the West.

But the place, he says, where American society is seen with most advantage, is Washington, during the winter. In summer, the American capital is, as every one knows, almost deserted, being inhabited only by the members and *employés* of the government. The first Monday of December, the fixed period for the annual meeting of Congress, is the time when the senators and representatives, accompanied by their families, and followed by a long train of *solliciteurs*, may be seen flocking in crowds to Washington. The change is instantaneous. To-day the town is a desert, and to-morrow it overflows beyond the means provided for the general accommodation. The ministers and the diplomatic body give evening parties, and many of the members of Congress give dinners; so that if the day is passed in a whirlwind of discussion, the night has also its vortex of gaiety and pleasure. Once a week, the President receives company in the evening, when the house is open to all who choose to go there. Nothing, says M. Murat, can be more simple than the etiquette of the chief of the government, whose receptions are only to be distinguished from the *soirées* of private individuals, by the circumstance of their being more numerous attended.

What chiefly surprises us, in this work of M. Murat, is the apology he makes for that system of slavery by which so many of the American states are still tainted and disgraced. There are other points of heterodoxy in politics as well as in religion, which present themselves in the course of the volume, but which we have only left ourselves space to notice with this general *caveat*.

SOLITUDE.

* * * *

And yet I yield thee an unwilling heart;
 The rebel spirit thou hast made thine own
 Has sternly struggled oft, to rend apart
 The capturing net thou hast around it thrown;
 For higher, haughtier impulse it hath known,
 A banned and baffled thirst for lofty fame,
 Which hath but worn away a withering frame,
 And tempered its hot heart to live for thee alone.

Thou hast constrained me to thee from a boy,
 When life's fresh spring-tide through my veins was welling,
 And Hope stood pointing to far-glancing Joy,—
 My breast was even then thy chosen dwelling,
 All else shut out for thee,—too well foretelling
 The shadowy gloom that cannot melt in tears,
 Shrouding the lustre of life's brightest years,
 And to their charnel-goal their goaded flight impelling.

Thou hast constrained me to thee, Solitude!
 Though I have striven to dissolve the spell
 Coiled round my heart by thee,—in merry mood,
 When revelling with the few I thought of well;
 But in my soul thy sad voice, like a knell,
 Has summoned my deserting thoughts again
 Back to the thrall of pensiveness and pain,—
 And 'gainst thy potent hest they never dared rebel.

W. G. A.

✂ TO RICHMOND.*

"Britannia rules the waves."—THOMSON.

"By the bye, Twaddel," said Jones to me, in one of the fine days of June, "you and I and our set have had all sorts of parties but a water-party;—what say you to one?"—I hemmed and ha-ed a bit, and replied, "I have no disinclination to such a trip, certainly; but can any of our friends pull an oar,—or even handle a skull?"—"I can't," said Jones, candidly, "nor, I believe, can Wilson, nor Smith, nor Tomlins; but what of that? we can learn, I presume? Rowing is easy enough."—"Except when it is hard," said I. Jones smiled and went on. "Tchew! what *can be* easier?—You have only to pull *so*,"—suited the action to the word,—*"and you row."*—"But with inexperienced persons," I remarked, "there is at least some danger."—"Danger!" exclaimed Jones, pulling up his collar, and putting on a look of wonder—"what is that?"—I was silenced by his superior daring, and said, "Well, I'll be one. Who are the selected?"—"Wilson, Tomlins, Smith, you and I."—"And the indispensables—the ladies?"—"Why, we will say the two Miss Browns, Miss Simpson, and Fanny and Fatima Smith."—"Very good. When, where, and what time?"—"To-morrow at nine, at Searle's, and Richmond our destination."—"Well, I will undertake to get you there, if you will yield the entire command of the expedition, as I may call it." "It will be, if we get there in half the usual time," said Jones, chuckling over the jest; (Jones is not, however, by any means so dabbish at wit as he thinks he is)—"You interrupted me," I resumed; "but who is to arrange the preliminaries and accessories—the eatables and drinkables, and all that?" "Leave the *all that* to me," said Jones. "Well, then, to-morrow at nine;" and we shook hands and parted.

At nine the next day I was on the Lambeth side of Westminster-bridge, and at a quarter past nine we were all mustered, the crew gallantly, and I may say, nautically dressed in striped shirts, white trowsers, white hats, and black neckcloths tied seaman's fashion; our boat—(a shallop with a white awning) manned in no time; the ladies safely got on board and seated; our provisions stowed away fore and aft, and every thing ready for starting. Expectation ran high, and the tide was about to do the same: we could not have had a finer morning; the ladies, though timorous on the one hand, relied on the other, upon the courage and steadiness of the crew; Mr. Searle considerably said, "Now is the time, gentlemen, to start—you could not have a finer tide;"—I took my station at the helm, Jack-of-the-water pushed us off the roads, and we were committed to the mighty deep. Some confusion as to the duties of stroke-oar, &c. followed;—three of the four wished to row on the larboard side, but that was impossible, as they soon discovered; and then Jones very awkwardly dropped his oar with the blade flat in the water, which flung up a spray that wetted Miss Simpson as thoroughly as if she had been in a shower-bath: but she bore it with a partiality for Jones which nothing could diminish.—

* See the direction post at Kew Green.

(Jones is, in many respects, a very great favourite with the ladies, and deservedly so, for he is a young man of very good expectations, and plays exceedingly well on the German flute with additional keys.) Smith and Wilson, equally awkward, sat down with their foolish faces towards each other, and began to pull, of course, different ways, which gave rise to considerable merriment on shore: but I put them right on this nautical point, and they placing them as they should be, directed what they should do. Tomlins was my next vexation, for, before his partners had dipped their oars in the limpid stream, he began to pull away as strong as a — as a — no matter what—I have not a comparative at hand; but the effect of his obstinacy was, that the boat's head was turned to the right about, notwithstanding my keeping the helm hard aport. Then Jones began to put out *his* shoulders:—I must confess that I felt quite ashamed of their obstinacy and ignorance. The first pull he gave, I thought he would have drawn us under water; at the second he could not move his oar at all. "What the devil has got hold of my oar at the bottom?" he roared out, half laughing and half alarmed. "It isn't a shark, I hope!" said Miss Simpson, and she turned as pale as her lemon kid gloves:—how simple of Miss Simpson!—I explained to her that sharks in the Thames were impossible—there might be such things on shore, but they were not amphibious. And I also explained to Jones, why it was that he could not lift his oar: he had, in technical phraseology, "caught a crab:" I told him he should skim the top, not rake the bottom. "Very good," said Jones; and the next stroke he made he missed the water altogether, hit himself a most unmerciful thump in the stomach with his double-handed oar, which tumbled him heels uppermost, with his head in Wilson's lap, which broke poor Wilson's watch-glass, Miss Simpson's salts-bottle in his pocket, and knocking Wilson backwards, pitched him with his head into the hamper at the bows, which fractured two bottles of double stout, and cut his occiput clean across the organ of cautiousness. The ladies shrieked, but Wilson, who is in some respects a wag, said, very gaily, "he didn't mind it no more than a foreigner." Several other amusing accidents attended our starting, but as they were of minor importance, I shall not narrate them here.

With scarcely any pulling at all—wafted along by the silver tide,—we had reached the Red house at Battersea: but now we set to in good earnest, and our oars dropped in alternately, one, two, three, four, as regular as the chimes. Here some of the natives on the shore, who had been observing the gallant style with which we pulled along, bawled out, "Go it, tail—(I write the word with the hesitation of reluctance)—tailors!"—It is written, and I breathe again!—They, no doubt, mistook us for a party of tradesmen of that sort, than which nothing could be farther from our thoughts. However, that we might not be annoyed by such mistakes in future, I determined on putting the boat out into the middle of the stream. "Don't Twaddell!" exclaimed the whole of the party, as with one voice, for we had hitherto kept close in shore, because the water being shallower, it afforded us some chance of succour if anything should happen to our daring and adventurous crew:—as Smith observed, in his dry way, "It would be very disagreeable to be picked up wringing wet and very dead." But the command being in my hands, I was resolute on being obeyed, and so out I steered into the dangerous bosom of the Thames.

I now, I may say, we, went on swimmingly. The rowers were attentive to their duty, and perspired with pleasure at their successful exertions: the ladies chatted pleasantly with each other on the fashions and upon Miss Wilkes's expected marriage with the gallant Major Morris of the Middlesex militia; and now and then encouraged our endeavours to please with their lovely smiles, we had every appearance of being as happy as beauty and bravery could render us. About this time, I noticed that Jones looked somewhat deplorably at his hands: they were as red as beet-root in the palms, with symptoms of blistering. If there is anything on which Jones is sensitive it is on the whiteness of his hands: it is an amiable weakness, which even the mighty mind of Lord Byron gave way to. Smith, who has a deal of malicious humour about him, comforted him, by telling him that he would lose all the skin they had "to their backs," (his own expression) but in three months he would have in its place a new and a much whiter one. Jones looked quite horror-struck!—Miss Fanny Smith, then advised him to put on his gloves, which he did, and that made them considerably worse. A boat full of persons passed us at this moment, and we were again saluted with, "Go it, tailors!" Jones, who was sore in one respect, and is in many other respects very mettlesome, was for running them aboard, and calling them to account: but I explained, that it *was* possible that a party of those very serviceable tradesmen were expected up the river that day, and we might probably be mistaken for them. Jones seemed pacified, and pulled on till he declared he could pull no more, his hands were so blistered; and so they were, like a newly-painted shutter in the dog-days. We all sincerely pitied him, save Smith, who laughed and looked all sorts of droll things at his misery. "Gentlemen," said I, "to relieve you for a time from your labours, pull in your oars, and let the boat drift with the tide, which is almost strong enough to carry us to our destination."

All *hands* I could see were agreeable, so that the oars were taken in, but in a very unseamanlike manner, for Wilson nearly brought down the awning and brained Miss Simpson with his, and Jones hit Smith such a pat of the head with his that it made it ring; we all set it down as a "trifle from Margate," in return for Smith's raillery, at poor Jones's expense. Smith, however, only laughed—nothing can disturb his good humour. Jones then produced his German flute, with additional keys, and every one was restored to harmony. He played us, out of Wragg's Preceptor, "In my Cottage near a Wood," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "At Kew one Morn was Peter Born," "The Jolly Young Waterman," "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself," and many other naval and national melodies, very delightful indeed. Miss Fanny Smith also kindly obliged the company by singing the first part of "All's Well," to Mr. Jones's second part on the German flute. Nothing in human nature could be more beautiful!—the waters seemed to glide silently past us, as if listening with every attention to their dulcet strains; and all Nature was hushed, save a west-country bargeman, who whistled responsively, as he plunged a sweep every now and then into the silver waters. After this Wilson gave us a song, set, I dare say, as he sung it, for thus ran the opening line:—

"When forced from thee to—o—o—o part;"

and then he paused. Smith, who is always alive to the ridiculous, said.

in his dry, droll way, "Try back, Wilson." Wilson, however, could not remember the second line. "Then," said Smith, "I'll sing it for you;" and he struck up—

"When forced from thee to pooh—pooh—pooh—part."

We laughed for an hour, and Wilson would not sing another note. "A Muggins to the rescue!" Tomlins volunteered a song, and all was silence, as he struck up "Love's Young Dream."

"But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream;
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life."

"As lump sugar!" chimed in that provoking fellow, Smith, with a vociferous jollity of voice that put all the sentiment of the song to immediate flight. Our laughter must have been heard along both shores. Wilson, being one of the Grocer's Company, thought the joke a little too personal; but who can take a lasting offence at the frolics of Smith? Throughout this memorable day he shewed himself a wag of the first water. We all, except Jones, who was rather jealous of his success, allowed him to carry away the palm of preference; the ladies eyes, too,

"Rain'd influence, and adjudged the prize."

By this time we neared Battersea Bridge—it is the Scylla and Charybis of amateur aquarions; if you escape S. you come bump against C., and *vice versa*. The station of steersman is therefore one of serious responsibility, and requires the steadiest skill, an eye like a mathematician's, a hand like a watch-maker's, and the most undaunted courage. We were shooting cleanly and cleverly, and in the most seaman-like manner, through the centre arch, when Jones, perhaps over anxious for the success of this fine evolution, dipped his oar in, and giving a pull, drove our nose plump between the starlings. All was immediate confusion! the ladies shrieked in the most piercing manner—Wilson turned as white as his waistcoat—Jones trembled—Tomlins was terrified—Smith looked as if all the joke were taken out of him—and I in some measure gave up all for lost. The tide rose like a rampant beast at the stern, and our boat pitched deeper and deeper still at the head. To add to the agonies of such a moment, a savage in human form, who was coolly hanging over the balustrades, bawled out in a jeering manner, "Say your prayers, you tailors, while I run for the drags!" "Tailors, again!—d—n it!" said Jones, indignantly;—all his mettle was in arms—he became desperate; and, seizing an oar, with a superhuman push he set us clear again, but broke the oar short off; this, however, was of no consequence, as we had had the precaution to take an extra pair, and this accident brought them into play. Jones was blamed by all, but it was of little use, for he was so proud of his powers in getting us out of the scrape, that getting us into it seemed quite a merit in his eyes!

Some close observer of nature has remarked, that "after a storm comes a calm." We were soon restored to that complacency which men feel who have done their duty in trying circumstances, and Smith, who had recovered his good humour, told us a capital story about Battersea Church, and how the Emperor of Russia wished to purchase it for Petersburg; but as the parishioners would not part with their

church without he took the parson into the bargain, and the Emperor would not do that, the negociation went off, and there the church is to this day. This amusing story was, no doubt, a piece of invention of Smith's, for he has a very happy originality in that way.—We laughed prodigiously, and Smith was satisfied.

Here I took occasion to address a few words to the gallant crew. "Gentlemen," said I, "as we came out with the intention of reaching Richmond by water, allow me as the commander of this expedition, to press upon you the necessity of putting your shoulders to the wheel, if you mean to complete that great enterprize. I need not remind you that in order to reach Richmond it is necessary that you should get there. (*Hear, hear!*) Gentlemen, the eyes of Cornhill—I may add, Cheapside, are upon us! If we succeed, we shall be crowned with success; if we fail—but no—I will not fear—that is to say, Gentlemen, I cannot—"—(Here I was completely put out by that Jones, who kept winking his malicious eye at Smith, as much as to say, "only hear the future Deputy of Dowgate Ward!") Jones, I am sorry to say, is in many respects a very envious young man. I resumed—)"In short, Gentlemen, as some one has said, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will, if we faint not, bring our enterprize to a happy end. For as Mr. Shakspeare, the dramatist, has said—

" ' There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the full leads on to—' "

"Richmond!" was the inspiring cry of the whole crew, with the exception of the ladies—who shared, however, in our truly British ardour. Every man grasped his oar, jackets and hats were immediately thrown off, as incumbrances, Jones in his enthusiasm forgot his blisters, and we pushed along gaily and gallantly—

"Swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow."

and Putney seemed to stare with astonishment at Fulham—Hammer-smith at Barnes, to see the rapidity of our flight. To make our labours light and cheer our way, Miss Fatima Smith, at her brother's request, read to us the "*Choice*," of Mr. John Pomfret, that divine poet; and Smith himself,

"Possess'd beyond the Muses' painting,"

broke out all over with an original sonnet, keeping time with his oar to the measnre. When it was over we all expressed our regret that he did not put his high poetic powers to more use. "If I did," he remarked, "how should I be known 'from many another Smith'?" "Take another name," I suggested. "Call yourself Jones," said Jones, in his very happy way, and we laughed amazingly. Jones is inimitable when he likes to be so.

Absorbed in this delightful interchange of poetry and pleasantry we progressed agreeably along, and

"Panting time toil'd after us in vain."

"What place is this we are athwart of?" asked Tomlins. He was informed it was Kew. "I thought so," he added; "and that little gentleman in the nook of the wall is, I suppose, Q in the corner?" We had never heard Tomlins perpetrate a pun before; but we encouraged

him with our smiles. He is not a favourite with our party; I don't know why, except that he is very stupid. Tomlins makes pretensions to Miss Fatima Smith, but with very little chance of success. Miss Smith will become a Mrs. T., but it will be Mrs. Twaddell, not Tomlins, if I know her heart. "By the by, where shall we dine?" said Jones. "Yes, where shall we dine?" cried all. I saw that he had the sense of the company with him, so I replied, "Where you please." "Why not here?" he rejoined. We were at that moment in sight of a lovely lawn, that ran with an easy slope down to the water's edge. It was one o'clock—the place was propitious—and the labours of the morning had whetted our appetites to the keenest edge. I was not, therefore, taken by surprise, when I heard the four exclaim, as with one voice, "Here we dine!" I immediately rounded the rudder for land, and in a minute we touched the shore, and all hands leaped on the lawn. The ladies, the gilet-pies, bottled porter, and sherry, were landed in a giffy; and while a detachment was sent out to select a pleasant spot for our spot, Jones was as active as a harlequin, in unpacking and preparing all things. A delightful nook in a quickset hedge, and under a shady elm, was marked out for the happy occasion; and every thing being in no time removed to it, a clean cloth was spread on the green turf; the pies, bread, salt, knives and forks, plates, glasses, and every thing was in apple-pie order—the word was given, "to your places,"—the ladies were handed to their's, and down we all squatted, like a Turkish dinner-party, hunger and expectation being remarkable in every countenance.

"Jones," I directed, "cut up the pie." "With all the pleasure in life," he promptly replied, and began to operate. "A cursed hard crust to begin with, and as thick as the Serpentine in skating season," remarked Jones, as he grinned and groaned, and vainly endeavoured to make an impression upon its outworks. "Never mind its hardness," said I.—(Miss Fatima Smith had made it with her own fair hands.)—"I shall venture on it." "Yes," said Smith, "it will bear you."—(*Roars of laughter.*)—"Upon my soul," said Jones, "I cannot cut into it—my hands are so tender." This set the ladies giggling, and then he threw down the knife and fork in a pet. "Here, hand the pie to me," said Smith; and, oh, monstrous! he made no more ado, but jobbed his elbow upon the cone of the crust, which broke it in sure enough, but at the same time sent half the gravy with a spirt into our eyes, all over Wilson's white waistcoat, and down Miss Simpson's black satin spencer. "You awkward fellow!" exclaimed his sisters; and they blushed as beautifully as Aurora. "Oh, never mind my spencer," said Miss Simpson: "I don't care about my waistcoat," said Wilson, "since we have got at the giblets, which I had given up in despair." We then laughed heartily, and heartily we ate. I never saw, at a Guildhall dinner, such appetites and such expedition. As for Jones, he might eat his way up to the civic chair, with any man in the city who has not yet arrived at that honour:—for a young liveryman, his performance was wonderful, and his promise more. In ten minutes the eatables were *hors du combat*; and one bottle of porter, and three of sherry, were all that was left of the drinkables. Filling a bumper of sherry, I then gave from the chair (the stump of a tree)—"The ladies, our fair *compagnons de voyage!*"—(*Drank with three times three, and one cheer more—a miss-fire of Wilson's.*)—Jones was then called upon for a song: he complied, and struck up—

"Oh, nothing in life can sadden us,
Whilst we have wine and good-humour in store—"

"Holloa, there, you sirs! who gave you leave to land here, I should very much like to know?" roared out a fellow six feet high, and brawny as Hercules, as he jumped over the hedge, and alighted with one foot in the pie-dish, and the other in Jones's new white beaver. "Nobody," said Jones, hurt at having his hat injured. "Well, then, I warn you off these grounds," continued the out-of-town barbarian, and laid hold of Jones by the collar. "Stop, stop, my good friend," said I, "no violence, if you please: we are gentlemen, and if—" "I don't care whether you're gentle or simple—you've none of you no business here—so bundle, bag and baggage." At this we were all indignant; and as for Jones, I never saw him so *up-ish*: he was for throwing the ruffian into the creek on the other side the hedge. "Do, Jones—it will serve him right, if he'll let you," said Smith, laughing contemptuously at his presumption. Jones, for a slight person of five feet, is a very well-meaning young man; but this fellow, as it happened, would be a little too much for two Joneses. In many respects Mr. Jones is very conceited of his powers; but, on the other hand, his attentions to his grandmother, who will leave him *all* when she dies, is excellent and exemplary. I pacified the blue-aproned Cerberus, by handing him a bumper of sherry, with half a sovereign at the bottom: he swallowed the one, caught the other between his teeth, and immediately became as gentle as 'Una's milk-white lamb.' "Well, gentlemen, all I meant to say was this here—don't pick the flowers, nor damage the shrubs, and you may stay as long as you please, because master *is* out; and so, good morning." This he said very civilly, and touched his hat as he turned off.

No sooner was he gone, than Jones began to vapour about, and upbraided me, because I had made peace:—"He would have taught the cabbage-cutting rascal what it was to insult gentlemen and young liverymen:—we should have seen what he would have done to him, &c. &c." "Yes," said Smith, sarcastically, "with the aid of a good microscope." Jones looked unutterable things, but said not a word. To divert attention from these unpleasantnesses, I proposed a ramble round the grounds: agreed to *nem. con.*; and off we set. Jones soon recovered his temper; and, to exhibit his prowess to the ladies, wagered Smith a bottle that he would hang by his heels from the lower limb of a tree for five minutes. The bet was taken—up jumped Jones at the branch, caught it, threw up his heels, locked his feet across, let go his hands, and there he dangled, head downwards, as pretty a calf as you'd see in Leadenhall on a market-day, as Smith sarcastically said. One, two, three, four, five minutes elapsed, and he was declared winner. "Help me down," cried Jones. Nobody stirred, but all laughed. "Now, do help me down!" he beseeched rather pathetically. Not a foot moved. He then tried to help himself, but could not recover the branch with his hands. Then he began to swear, and the ladies very properly ran away. We enjoyed his quandary amazingly; but no one felt inclined to end it yet. At last, seeing him turn black in the face, with rage and his inverted position, I and Smith took pity on him, and placed him right end upwards, when he turned so giddy, that down he dropped. I thought Smith would have died with laughing; but Jones triumphed still, for he had won. It was ridiculous to see his exultation, and hear his crowing.

A rookery was overhead. Jones, bent on mischief, must now have

a fling at its black tenantry. Up went stone the first—down it came with a rebound over a low wall, and a crash followed, as if a hundred hot-house panes were shivered: at the same moment a head and red night-cap popped up from the other side, surveyed us in silence, and disappeared. “Now, for heaven’s sake,” said I, “don’t destroy people’s property in mere wantonness!”—“Pooh!” said Jones, “I sha’n’t hit ’em again, if I try!” and up went stone the second, and fell as before, with the same awful clatter and crash. “That makes five shillings!” said the head and night-cap, popping up again. “Nonsense,” said Jones, “it was an accident!”—“Well, gentlemen,” said the head and night-cap, “you sha’n’t go till you do pay, for I’ve grabbed your oars.” “Oh, pay the man,” we all advised. “Here, then, you night-capped numskull,” said Jones, flinging a sovereign up the wall with a magnificent air, “give me my change!”—“Break four more, and that’s a pound’s-worth;”—and down went the head and night-cap. How that Smith did chuckle! “Well, then, I’ll have some fun for my money,” said Jones: “here goes;” and up flew stone after stone, but not one of them told, for the wary gardner, we supposed, had covered over the remainder of his glass with matting. And now we had the laugh fairly against Jones—he was matched. He pretended, however, to admire the fellow’s cunning, and tried to laugh too, but ’twas “with a difference.” “I never saw you look so foolish, Jones,” said Smith. This was quite enough; Jones turned quite pale with rage, and instantly walked down to the boat, Miss Simpson following him. Then up spoke Tomlins; “Let him go, and be ———” —“Wiser,” I interposed, “when his pride is subdued to reason by reflection.”

This incident cast a damp on the delights of the day; and the ladies looked, and were, very uncomfortable; but we gallantly redoubled our attentions, and smoothed the raven down of their displeasure till they smiled, as some one, I think, has somewhere said. To show our philosophy, we sat down again to the sherry; and Smith, perfectly to restore harmony, gave us a song which he assured us was written by the footman of a person of quality, and addressed to a hard-hearted housekeeper who had jilted him. Smith introduced it as a genuine specimen of the cupboard-love school of poetry.

When first my Sally Jones I knew,
I thought her face was pretty.
I liked her eyes of Saxon blue,
Her locks so raven-jetty,
Her teeth, her lips, her hips and waist,
Her nose that did not *look* awry,—
I loved her arms and charms so chaste,
But I adored her cookery;—

And laid my person at her feet—
(She’d put to bed the children);
She smiled consent with looks so sweet,
Oh, Love! ’twas quite bewildering!—
She did not say she would be mine—
I thought so naturally;
She ask’d me, though, to stop and dine—
(The Colonel was at Calais):—

I did ;—it was my favourite dish,
 And drest in great perfection ;
 'Twas then I gave words to my wish,
 And told her my dejection :—
 She said that I might live in hope ;
 I left her at 11 ;
 And, ah ! I thought, without a trope,
 Pall-Mall the path to heaven !

“ Mark the passionate change in the measure,” said Smith, “ so descriptive of the tumult of his feelings :—”

But, ah ! one Corporal O'Hara,
 Of I know not what dragoons,
 Went off next day with Sarah,
 Who sent me back my spoons !—
 Then break, my heart !—thou art betray'd,
 And in the trap art taken,
 Caught by a luring bait well laid,—
 Calves' liver fried with bacon !

This unexpected climax took us all by surprise, and even the most sentimental of our party laughed, as may well be supposed. I suspect that the song is Smith's, and no footman's—it is beyond the powers of the plush-breeches gentry.

“ But what in the name of wonder, has become of Jones and Miss Simpson all this while ?” exclaimed Wilson, with an expression of anxiety which I shall never forget, it was so amiable :—Wilson is, indeed, a very amiable man in many respects. We had forgotten them—there is no use in mincing the matter ; but as we were not quite indifferent to their welfare, we walked leisurely down the lawn to the boat, where we expected to find them. What was our surprize !—they were not on board, nor could we perceive them anywhere around. Our anxiety now grew serious. “ He has not jumped into the river in his tantarums,” said Tomlins—“ Trowsers,” said Smith, interrupting him.—“ And Miss Simpson plunged in after him ?” continued Tomlins. “ Cork cannot sink,” said Smith, sarcastically.—I never knew him so severe. I put an end to this unseasonable levity by remarking, that it was our duty to discover what had become of them. “ That is no hard task,” said Smith, laughing, “ for there they go in a wherry to Richmond !”—We looked, and there they were, sure enough. Jones had hailed a waterman sculling by, and had deserted us in high dudgeon.

“ Man the boat, and give chase !” I commanded. The ladies were put on board—the rudder shipped—I grasped an oar, and we were once more on the bosom of the deep ; but what with Wilson's wilfulness and Tomlins's awkwardness, we made little or no way for some time ; and the wherry distanced us so rapidly, that we at last lost sight of it altogether. At length we got into better working trim, and pushing along, came, after an hour's hard chase, in sight of Richmond bridge. As we neared that beautiful structure, the Diana steamer pushed off from the shore, and almost ran us under water. What was our astonishment, at that trying moment, lo ! behold Jones standing coolly on the paddle-box, with his hands in his pockets, laughing at us in the most insulting manner. “ This is too bad !” I exclaimed, with all that energy of which I am master. “ It is—it is !” cried one and

all. "Well, what will you do to mark your sense of Mr. Jones's unhandsome behaviour?" "I know," said Smith—"Diana, a-hoy!" he bawled; the steamer stopped her paddle-wheels. "You have room for eight?" inquired he of the captain. "For eighty," replied the fresh-water wag. "Well, then, ladies, get on board;"—they did;—"jump on board, gentlemen;"—we did;—Smith, then, in a most masterly manner made fast a tow-rope to the Diana's stern-rails—and then jumped on board, over the cabin-windows, with the gallantry of a Nelson. Scowls of defiance were, as I expected, exchanged between Jones and him, they even went so far as to exchange cards, which I thought very unnecessary, as they live next door to one another. I took care to prevent any further collision, by tearing Smith away from him. After we had taken tea, that mild beverage, sacred to friendship and the social feelings—the smiles of the fair—the dulcet strains of the harp and violin, and the dance on deck, softened down the asperities of the belligerents, and before we had arrived at Westminster, we were all as good friends as when we started. And so ended our first trip to Richmond by water.

Dongate.

T. T.

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

FERDINAND the Beloved, the Prince of Embroiderers, the "*beau idéal*" of a tyrant and a bigot, as it has been the custom to describe him, is no more. He has descended to the tomb universally execrated, for both liberal and servile will sing pœans on an occasion so auspicious to their hopes.

The characters of few men of the present age have been more misrepresented than that of Ferdinand. He cared little in his heart for religion, and if he embroidered a petticoat for *La Signora Madre Deis*, it was merely to cajole the clergy. While those persecuting decrees and apostolical denunciations, which were considered the immediate emanations of his will, and have drawn upon him every epithet of obloquy and reproach, were the work of his evil counsellors. In fact throughout his whole career the total absence of what the French call "*force de caractère*," rendered him equally open to good or evil, according to the direction given to him towards either of these ends. In 1808 he was the idol of the nation, and when surrounded by such men as Jovellanos, and others of his stamp, he evinced that his nature was not all evil.* Indeed the vices of Ferdinand, or rather his weakness of character, was owing to his defective education. No care was taken to prepare him for his high station, and he was allowed to pursue, unrestrained, nay even encouraged by the infamous Godoy in the gratification of those sensual pleasures that sooner or later sap the foundation of every noble and generous sentiment. Ferdinand when young was considered remarkably handsome, and was one of the best horsemen in his dominions. In the latter part of his life he was affable and courteous in the extreme, he would receive the meanest of his subjects, listen with attention to their complaints, and promise them redress, but no sooner had they left him than his promises were forgotten.

* It is told of him that observing one day his mother stooping to arrange the knee-buckle of her favourite Godoy, he exclaimed, haughtily, "My mother stoops indeed."

Ferdinand was born on the 14th October, 1784. He was married four times: 1st, to Marie Antionette, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies; 2dly, to the Infanta Maria Isabella, of Portugal; 3dly, to the Princess Maria Josepha Amelia, daughter of the Prince Maximilian of Saxony, and lastly, to Maria Carlotta, the present dowager Queen, daughter of the late King of Naples, by whom he had issue Maria Isabella Christina, whom he declared his successor, in contravention to the law established by Philip the Fifth, the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, on his accession to the Spanish throne.

This last published act of his life is fraught with consequences of the deepest importance to the future destinies of the Spanish monarchy—one that renders still more complex the present position of European politics—on the horizon of which, in spite of all the protocols of diplomacy, the clouds of a war of opinion are gathering thicker and faster.

The ancient public right of all the kingdoms that at this day compose the Spanish monarchy, admitted the succession to the throne of females, in default of males in the same degree. It was in virtue of this law, declared fundamental in the code "*de las siete partidas*," that Isabella "*La Catholica*" brought as a marriage portion the kingdom of Castille, to Ferdinand of Arragon, that Charles the Fifth inheriting his dominions by right of his mother, placed upon the throne of Spain the House of Austria, and that the House of Bourbon ascended it at a later period. Philip of Anjou, already the father of two sons at his accession, and his Queen again enceinte, introduced into Spain the French Salic law, by abolishing the old national law of Spain, to which he owed his crown. The Cortes which he assembled in 1713, and to which he made the proposition immediately rejected it, and was imitated by the Council of Castille. Irritated by their refusal, Philip ordered their *consultum* to be burnt, and by the advice of the Council of State directed that every counselor of Castile, every deputy of the towns in Cortes, and every representative of the nobility and clergy should give their votes individually in writing.

It was in this illegal manner that the Salic law was introduced into Spain; but a condition was added, that the prince of the collateral line, called to the throne to the exclusion of the female branch, should be bred and born in the Spanish peninsula. When Charles III. assembled the Cortes to obtain their recognition of his eldest son as Prince of Asturias, the deputies loudly opposed the Salic law; and the king, apprehensive that the condition annexed to it in 1713 would exclude his sons from the throne, who were both born in Naples, ordered a new edition of the laws of the kingdom, in which this condition was suppressed. But the opposition to the Salic law appeared still more decided in the Cortes assembled on the accession of Charles IV. in 1798. On this occasion, menaces, presents, and even poison was resorted to, to stifle the opposition of its members. Again: the Cortes of 1812, in their Articles 170 to 178, abrogated the Salic law—a measure principally brought about by the Servile party in that assembly, who, apprehensive that neither Ferdinand, nor his brother Don Carlos, would ever escape from the hands of Napoleon, wished to assure the throne to the Infanta *Carlotta*, the late queen of Portugal, of absolute memory, and mother of the hopeful Miguel. Ferdinand, on his restoration, on abolishing the Cortes, re-established the Salic law; but when his fourth wife at length promised him an heir, wishing to secure the crown to his issue, of whatever sex it

might prove, he again re-abrogated the law ; and, by his famous decree of the 30th March 1830, declared his daughter, the Infanta Maria-Isabella-Christina, his successor.

We have given these historical details in order to shew on what grounds rest the claims of the Queen. But should a struggle for the succession eventually take place, the *prestige* in favour of royalty, so strong among every class of the Spanish people, will vanish. Men will be actuated by interest and calculation, and will expect in return as much they give. From this earthquake of political elements, freedom may again raise her head ; for it is on the Constitutional party that the hopes of the young queen must rest. Some liberal measures, therefore—such as a general amnesty, and the convocation of the ancient Cortes—may secure her the crown, and raise Spain from that political degradation to which it has so long been reduced, by the union of a superstitious court and a sanguinary priesthood. It is to be wished that the dowager-queen may, in the hour of need, find honest and upright counsellors,—men who have at heart the real interests of their country,—to direct her amid the shoals by which she is surrounded ; otherwise, the assistance and support of the Constitutional party may be alienated,—nay, arrayed in favour of a third pretender to the crown. The ex-king Joseph Napoleon, now in this country, who, after a long exile from the theatre of political events, may, by the chapter of accidents, again be called upon to enact a leading and distinguished part in the great European drama.

On the other hand, Don Carlos, with the “ *Loi Salique* ” in his hand, may boldly claim the throne to the exclusion of his niece. He may advance, what his adherents have long ago done for him, that Ferdinand, absolute in every thing that regarded the administration of the kingdom, had no power to alter its fundamental laws without the consent of the Cortes de los tres Estados. Whether Don Carlos ever protested against this act of his brother, we know not ; but Charles X. formally did so, as the head of the house of Bourbon ; and likewise the present King of the French, Louis-Philippe.

The queen having again declared herself *enceinte*, the issue of her accouchement must be awaited, ere events can assume a definitive direction. In the mean time it must be recollected (leaving out of the question the direct personal interest of Don Carlos, that will of course powerfully influence his conduct), as a *chef-de-parti*, he has scarcely a will of his own. He heads the ultra-Apostolical party, formidable not so much by their numbers, as by their union and determination, and who, now that the period for consummating their darling projects has arrived, will act with the energy and decision that so strongly characterizes them. On the other hand, the young queen will be naturally supported by the ministers of the existing government, and all the members composing the actual machine of government ; though, in the only political body existing in Spain—the Council of Castille—the majority of votes, we fear, will be in favour of her uncle. Latterly the authority of Ferdinand rested solely on the habits of long-trained obedience, reverence for ancient usages, and, above all, a veneration for the kingly authority. His immediate party (the Fernandos) scarcely extended beyond the precincts of the court, and was composed of the moderate Liberals and Apostolicals—the *juste-milieu* party of Spain.

A VISIT TO THE ILLINOIS.

WHEN, in the year 1817, the political dissatisfaction of the people of England induced great numbers of our most intelligent and wealthy farmers from the southern counties to take refuge in the western world, from the real or imaginary evils of their native land, I was then, though little more than a youth, amongst the crowds who were hurrying to the western Elysium.

I do not propose here to describe the thousand times described voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, nor the cities, roads, and taverns of the Union; nor the peculiarities of the people, country, laws, manners, or natural productions; nor, indeed, to dwell upon any foreign matter whatever, in this narrative; proposing solely to exhibit, as through a telescope, a distant community of English men and manners in the bosom of the woods and prairies of the Illinois.

The person who first directed the attention of emigrants to the natural meadows of the western settlements of America, was Mr. Morris Birkbeck, a gentleman farmer from Wanborough, in Sussex, whose travels and scientific writings are well known in the literature of this country. Upon my arrival, in the following year, at the settlement in the Illinois, I found that this gentleman had fixed his residence upon the edge of an extensive and very beautiful prairie, having made large purchases of land, both woodland and prairie; and he had at that time built a substantial log-house, planted an orchard and garden, and enclosed and ploughed about fifty acres of prairie land. He had also laid out the site of a future town, called Wanborough, but which, at that time, consisted of only a few straggling log-cabins. His views were apparently grasping and ambitious; for, with a capital altogether inferior to so extensive a design, he had petitioned the government of the United States, to grant him a tract of country more than thirty-two miles square. Indeed, many circumstances induced to the belief, that personal dissatisfaction with his station upon the political ladder in England, and a belief of his ability to ascend to a great height upon it in a foreign country, had been his principal motives for emigrating to America. Nor is it out of the course of human feeling, that such should have been his expectations; for the opposition to a tyrannical government does not so often proceed from motives of generous commiseration with the victims of oppression, as from a selfish and envious resentment of the power to oppress; nor is it material, perhaps, whether envy or humanity be the means implanted in our nature, to counteract the evil intentions of arbitrary power. Whatever might have been the designs of Mr. Birkbeck, it is certain that imagination entered too much into the composition of his mind, for their well-directed accomplishment. And his settlement upon the prairies of Illinois, though amongst the most refined and magnificent virgin scenery of nature, eminently fitted for the retirement of the scholar and the man of contemplation, was removed, as it were, beyond the ways of men; being more than forty miles from the river navigation of the Ohio; almost a thousand miles from the Atlantic sea-board; and thus excluded altogether from this money-getting world. Though the prairies consisted of land of a high degree of fertility, and though the climate of the Illinois was wholesome, mild,

and invigorating, yet these advantages of nature were useless without the labour of the hands of man; and, amongst roving Indians, and gouging backwoodsmen, labourers there were none. The disadvantages of the inland situation of the settlement became very soon apparent; the influx of emigrants from England, after the first season, became materially diminished; the lands in which the capital of the projectors of the settlement had been extensively invested, remained unsold, and Mr. Birkbeck was already dispirited at the prospects of his family. These consisted of several sons and daughters, grown up, and all educated in the utmost degree of refinement. Mr. Birkbeck being himself a widower, apparently about fifty years of age. Another circumstance was thought to have added much to the mortification produced by the failure of his projects, being no other than a disappointment in love, which, even at that late period of his life, had affected him in a remarkable degree. The object of this strange occurrence was a Miss A—, a lady of the Jewish persuasion, who had accompanied his family from England. She possessed very brilliant conversational talents; and whether specially engaged to the patriarch of the party, it is certain, that when the lady announced her intention to enter into a matrimonial connection with Mr. F—, the companion and co-partner of the journey, the most inveterate hostility, which time appeared in no wise to abate, was the consequence upon the part of the elder rival. In due time, however, the bright-eyed Jewess consigned her charms to the younger of these competitors—maugre his wife in England. This affair contributed very greatly to the disadvantages of the settlement, substituting the most inveterate hostility for that co-operation of plan, which, in so retired a situation, was essentially required for success. In this state of things, about five years wore on, the settlement becoming gradually more deserted and impoverished, until at length the instalments due upon the extensive lands of Mr. Birkbeck, being unable to be paid, the entire property reverted to the government of the United States; the ruin of his family was the consequence of this too sanguine speculation; and his own unfortunate end, in the waters of the Wabash, completed what Mr. Cobbett has too truly called “the melancholy history of Mr. Birkbeck.”

About two miles from Wanborough was the skeleton of another town, called Albion, in the centre of the lands of Mr. Flower. This town consisted of a few straggling log huts, with two or three houses built of stone, a brick tavern and two well supplied stores, with several inferior whiskey shops. Beyond this the place did not appear to advance, and a deficiency of water, none being found at a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, rendered its progress extremely dubious. This town, however, was otherwise in a well chosen situation, being upon an elevated ridge, and the spot healthy in the highest degree. Mr. Flower had the misfortune to become very unpopular amongst the backwoodsmen of the neighbourhood, for which there appeared certainly to be no foundation, other than the anomaly of a wealthy proprietor, living in some appearance of refinement, amongst a lawless and Tartar population. In any of the older settlements of the Union, this gentleman would have been much respected for his intelligence, enterprise, and wealth; but here the most lawless outrages were committed upon his property. Various were the attempts to burn down his dwelling-house. At length, the murder of his younger son completed the list of his mis-

fortunes, and his death occurred in circumstances little less lamentable than that of his unfortunate neighbour.

About two miles westward from Albion, is the village Prairie, the property of another wealthy speculator from the city of London. This gentleman had been a merchant tailor in the city, who, being known to the family of Mr. B., and an admirer of one of his accomplished daughters, conceived the romantic notion of going out with the party to America, in hopes of being rendered happy in her possession, in the tranquil solitudes of the Illinois. For some time after his arrival upon the Prairies, the worthy man prosecuted his enclosures of land and his suit with the fair lady with uncommon perseverance, not perceiving how common it is for weak-minded men to be led about the world in triumph by feeble-minded women. After some months, an accidental circumstance opened the eyes of the astonished gentleman from London. A party had been formed for the purpose of visiting Vincennes, an ancient French settlement, about twenty-five miles from the English Prairie, in which were included Mr. L. and the lady of his love. During the ride, the usual course of indifferent civility had been manifested by the lady, when, upon arriving at the tavern at Vincennes, and the party being dispersed into the different apartments of the house, L. overheard the damsel of his heart inquire from another lady of the party, "I wonder what that tailor follows me about so for?" And oh! what a thunderbolt was that! In three days poor L. disappeared from the Prairies, travelled with all haste to New York, and embarked for England, where he is cutting cloth to this day in the city of London. His enclosures, garden, and frame-buildings were all deserted, and left to the wolves and the backwoodsmen, and the cause of the disappearance of L. from the Prairies was long a secret of state. It was afterwards maintained that L. was a greater man than Lord Byron, for when Byron, upon a similar occasion, overheard the contemptuous expression about "the lame boy," it appears that he only ran to Newstead, whilst L. ran a thousand miles across the continent of America, and clear across the great Atlantic Ocean.

Scattered round the various Prairies, were many other English settlers of note, amongst whom was Mr. Hunt, brother to the member for Preston. Unlike his brother, he had the misfortune to be *dumb* from his infancy, but was a man of tremendous muscular power, and a scientific bruiser. Among the backwoodsmen, the superiority of the system of boxing, over their ferocious method of gouging and biting, was much disputed, and a trial with Mr. Hunt was very eagerly coveted by "the best men" amongst these worthies. One day, a very famous man of this description, in passing near the cabin of Mr. Hunt, perceived him in the act of ploughing in a neighbouring field, and thereupon he got across the fence, for the purpose of provoking a quarrel. As he advanced, it happened that some derangement in the tackle of his plough, compelled Hunt to stop the team, and being a man of a very passionate temper, he was seen to level one of the horses with a blow of his fist. Upon this, the backwoodsman hastily turned back, and re-crossed the fence; and from that time it was observed, that nothing more was said upon the superiority of the gougers. Hunt soon afterwards died at this settlement.

About nine miles from Albion, and upon the Wabash river, was the town of Harmony, a German settlement, under the direction of the Rev.

Mr. Rapp. The settlers consisted of many hundreds of persons, of every variety of age, trade, and profession; and, by an excellent system of management, and the artful manner in which the people were kept in ignorance of the language and free institutions of the people around them, wonders were here effected in the way of agricultural improvements, and the useful manufactures. It resembled a scene in Germany, to view the church, the dwelling-houses, and the mill, with the dress, manners, and boorish Teniers-like appearance of the people at Harmony. It is, indeed, one of the most desirable peculiarities of the United States, that the traveller, in his route, occasionally views the transplanted people, scenery, and manners, of all the European countries. As Harmony is a miniature picture in Germany, the vine-growers at Venay, upon the Ohio river, exhibit the simplicity of Switzerland; and, descending to the lower region of the Mississippi, for a hundred miles, the sugar district of Louisiana preserves the language and manners of France. Harmony was, at length, purchased by Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, a gentleman whose schemes, for the welfare of his fellow men, appear to embrace all the hemispheres. He purchased the lands, towns, mills, and other appurtenances of the place, for the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; the two bells in the church alone being estimated at the sum of six thousand dollars: and here this worthy man commenced his plan of labour co-operation. He did not, however, calculate sufficiently upon the difference of the habits and manners of the people of whom his settlement was composed, from those of his German predecessors at Harmony; for high-spirited and unsettled republicans were soon found to be very different materials from German beasts of burthen. Discontent and discord soon became the prevailing characteristic of the place; and Mr. Owen, having abandoned his injudicious purchase at Harmony, has returned to the sphere where the efforts of the man of philanthropy are a thousand times more required.

It was the greatest disadvantage of the prairie settlements to be filled with a class of persons altogether unsuited, from previous habits of life, to undergo the privations and labours peculiar to a new country. The glowing descriptions of the prairies of the Illinois, when read in a drawing-room in Bond-street or the Regent's Park, are certainly calculated to excite the most rapturous anticipations, and numbers of persons who were already in possession of elegance and luxury at home, yet encountered the toils and privations of the sea and land to reach the El Dorado of the Illinois. These adventurers forgot that the conveniences of life are altogether unattainable in a new country, and that the charms of the finest natural scenery disappear in a few days or weeks, whilst toil and hunger, and repining after home, endure to the end of the days of man. Thus amongst the settlers in these wilds were Londoners of every grade, publishers, painters, stock-brokers, lawyers, bankers, cousins to a lord, and every variety of men who could least be expected to be found in the land of labour. The greater proportion of these persons soon found themselves with exhausted means, the illusion wearing away, and themselves disappointed and dejected at the prospect of a perpetual continuance in this, now to them a Siberian exile. Others, more prudent and wealthy, returned, disgusted and disappointed, to their native country, convinced that there is a time and a place for all things, and that transitory causes of discontent ought not

to induce the man, possessed of a luxurious native home, to abandon his position in society, and fly to the wilds and solitudes of a foreign land.

Still the scenery of these prairies is most sublime and impressive ; and, to a traveller who has journeyed for days through the monotonous and gloomy roads of a woodland country, the first view of these wide-extending meadows is enchanting in the highest degree. The scene is picturesque and magnificent : the prairies, undulating and rolling away for miles, combining the grandeur of the ocean with the beauty of an English park. The prairies are of various extent ; three of the largest class being upwards of fifty miles in circumference : but these, from the deficiency of timber, are uninhabitable, excepting at the edges of the woods, by which they are surrounded : and from this circumstance, great bodies of land, comprising a considerable portion of the state of Illinois, will for ages remain uncultivated. The land is generally fertile, and water is invariably found a few feet below the surface of the ground. And thus a settler, who pitches his tent at the edge of the woods, possesses the convenience of timber for fencing, building, and firewood, and enjoys a ready made farm upon the prairie. The origin of these singular meadows is an object of much controversy ; some naturalists having conjectured them to be the bottoms of lakes of the antedeluvian world ; but this opinion is not supported by appearances, there being no deposit of marine remains, nor is there any appearance of the banks, which to enclose the waters must have risen many feet above the surface of the lake, whereas the woods are usually upon a level with the prairie. The more common conjecture assigns as their origin the annual burning of the woods by the Indians, for the purpose of enclosing the deer ; but many striking objections occur to this theory, for it is still the custom of the Indians to burn other tracts of country for similar purposes without any material injury to the woods, nor is it easy to determine upon this ground why other tracts of country are not found to be divested of their natural timber, there being no prairies in all the great regions of the continent, eastward of the Ohio river. It is, therefore, difficult to assign any satisfactory conjecture for the origin of these natural meadows, and they have probably existed in their present condition since the creation of the world, a variation in the works of nature similar to the oasis of the deserts of Arabia. They are covered with a rough natural grass, which grows to the height of six feet, but this contains little nutriment, and is useless for cattle. The thickly matted roots of this grass make the first ploughing of the prairies a most difficult operation, but the soil is afterwards remarkably easy of cultivation, being invariably a rich vegetable mould. The productions consist of Indian corn, wheat, cotton, and tobacco ; but owing to the deficiency of negro labour, Illinois being amongst the free states of the Union, cotton and tobacco is only partially cultivated, and corn and wheat form the staple productions of the state. The fields of Indian corn present a magnificent appearance, and, both in utility and beauty of appearance, this invaluable plant is the pride and glory of the continent of America, and the first of the gifts of providence in every country, the climate of which favours its production. The atmosphere of the Illinois is remarkably pure and salubrious, being free from moisture and the variations of temperature so common in the states to the eastward of the Alleghany mountains. To natives of England the effect of this dry and equable climate is observed to be very salubrious,

old persons being here very rapidly freed from long affections of rheumatism, paralysis, and other disorders incident to our damp and unexhilarating climate. The remarkable clearness of the atmosphere adds much to the beauty of the scenery upon these wide extended prairies, and nothing, even in the mixed landscapes of England, can compare with the splendour and solemnity of the scene when the descending sun mantles these vast meadows with a crimson light, and the belt of the woods is darkening in the shades of evening.

The presence of human society and the labours of a dense population alone are wanting to render these regions a paradise—the garden of the western world. In the recollections of a chequered life there are few scenes and times to which my memory reverts with more satisfaction than the years which I have spent upon the magnificent prairies and in the Italian climate of the Illinois.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS OF A POEM.

TO MRS. HEMANS.

O Lady of the Lyre! whose magic song
 Hath ever been to me a treasured spell,
 Powerful my waking cares to charm and quell
 With its sweet melody, when night grew long;
 For thee my rhyme is woven—canst thou deign
 To stoop thine ear awhile to its rude wandering strain?

I know thou lovest a song of ages gone,
 The lofty mountain and the leafy dell
 Hath each for thee its legend—and the swell
 Of voices mingles with the night winds lone;
 Thou hast heard these, and with awakened fire
 Hast breathed their echoes forth in music on thy lyre.

And thou hast gathered of the bright and fair,
 And pure, and high—making a store thine own
 Of earth's most precious gems—yet is thy throne
 So near that earth, that still thou lovest to share
 In all the kind affections which endear
 Heart to true heart, in trust unshaken and sincere.

And not because I deem it offering meet,
 But that, perchance, my legend may beguile
 One hour to lose its chain of thought and toil,
 I lay it all imperfect at thy feet,
 Pleased, as a careless infant, when he pours
 On some indulgent lap his wealth of worthless flowers.

H. F. C.

A LOST ART, OR THE POTTER OF POMPEIA.

WHENEVER the Centurion was tired of abusing Nero, which he did rather because he received the imperial pay, than because he eschewed the imperial vices, this being the fashion in which some men indemnify themselves for the degradation of taking hire, just to shew that they are not to be bribed; marry, Fabricius "knew a trick worth two of that!" But our Centurion, I say, if he happened to exhaust his patience on this inexhaustible theme, would refresh himself, if not his hearers, with a little egotism; the next best pleasure to censuring the faults of others being that of praising the virtues all our own, at least in our own opinion.

"Ye know," would he say, and yet go on to tell them again, "that I am a son of 'that famous Campanian town, Pompeia,' and nephew to the chief wine-vender, in the chief street thereof; that is, he lived there, while he lived. Nevertheless, though I had thus a right to as much pride as any Roman of ye all, I thought it might be worth while to look upon your vaunted city. Therefore, being exceeding brave, I joined the Legions; but, peradventure, it is not of mine own acts that it becometh me to speak before their witnesses. Enough that one of them was my rescuing an aged man from fearful odds with some of our soldiery, who, having no better exercise for their valour were beating him, in pure love of the wine-skins wherewith he was heavily laden; and, lo! he proved the brother of my dead sire, and had journeyed hither to sell his merchandize. Now it so chanced that I, being somewhat wounded in this encounter, and high in favour with him whose horse and fiddle all terrible deities take pains to hamstring, got leave to wend homeward with my kinsman; he, all the way, urging me to name some guerdon; I, all the way, refusing, which furnished us with discourses of singular newness and variety. But when we had won the threshold of his door, there came forth to welcome him a damsel clad in white and flowing raiment, marvellously unlike the handmaiden of a vintner. She was tall, and of comely presence, with a high white forehead, darkly golden hair, and very noble features. The almond-blossom is not more tender than the bloom of her cheek; the buds of a pomegranate not so rich as the crimson of her lips, that smiled not, even when she spoke; and in her deep set eye was a mysterious radiance, so chaste and still, that it fitly mated the almost stern music of her low voice. She blushed not 'neath my gaze, neither looked she in any way astounded at my goodly armour. Ye will wonder how I, who have cast awe o'er the spirits of so many lovely ladies, should bend my regards on her; yet her image was so strange to me, that I did. Then mine uncle said unto her, 'Junia, this is thy cousin, who hath saved my life.' So knew I who it was, for I had not seen her since she was a babe, but forgot even that. And she kissed me like a sister; whereupon, with no great care as to the issue, I spake, 'Thou who so hungerest to reward, give me this virgin to wife!' And he made answer, 'She is too young, and mine only one; thou art a soldier, and dwellest afar off. I pray thee, ask of me some other thing.' But now that he denied my request, I was resolved; so, to make it appear for his own interest that he should grant it, I said, 'When thou art too aged for toil, will any other friend of Nero's save thy life, and then come hither to cherish her? I hold thee

a thankless word-breaker, until Junia be made my plighted spouse, to claim when it likes me.' Upon this, he joined our hands, as she, like unto one in a trance, said after him, 'I betroth myself to the preserver of my parent, and will rather die than forfeit my faith. Witness it, ye gods!'

"I said nothing; for after I had bound her to me, what need of binding myself to her, secure of inheriting the house and custom, they having no other kindred? So I sojourned with them some days, for my bosom yearned towards the old man; moreover, his wine was good. But it came to pass that, one eve, as I fared forth alone, I beheld a lad quitting a mean stall, and making for the high road; and I bethought me that this was one who moulded earthen vessels for our publicans. He was swarth, lean, wan, and brief of stature; but with starry eyes, and curls black as ebony; a patient, cheerful aspect; also a pleasant voice, though used shyly, or, as one would have said, with pride, had it been in reason to suppose that any right to pride ever entered even the dreams of such a fellow. The father of Junia had told me that this Caius, having no home wherein to lay his head, our city had offered him a piece of ground that no man would buy, or indeed take as a gift, by reason that it was accursed; so the credit of donation rested with them, and the shame of unthankfulness with those who refused; which they made sure that he likewise would do, being but a weak and lonely creature; yet, with small thanks, he built up his habitation there, and our magistrates hoped that, if he dwelt unmolested, some rich man might take heart to purchase the ground, when they could easily turn him out, such being the best use for so abject a thing.

"The idle legend of the place was this.—Upon it had stood the house of one who was banished for slaying a Roman of high rank, because he had seized on a girl beloved of this murderer; who, a year after, finding himself dying, stole back to his confiscated and still vacant house; but the friends of him he slew hearing this, beset the door at night, to take the criminal, that he might die the death; when, suddenly, there appeared a youth, who cried unto them that whosoever entered the sick chamber, must do so over his body. Therefore, the leader cut him down, and, as the death-cry reached the ear of him they sought, he sighed forth, 'Oh! woman, faithful to the end!' and died too. It was even so: his mistress had disguised herself to defend him. Then the chief who smote her went into the garden, and standing over against the well, said, 'Here bury I my hard heart. Gods, if ye accept the expiation, here punish ambition, covetousness, and revenge; here reward long-suffering, charity, and love; but let none approach this spot until Pompeia be warned to fall, and then let its mightiness cease.' So saying, he cast himself down into the water, and was seen no more. Since then no one had abided among the ruins of that house, save Caius, and even he, though no shades, he said, appeared to him, neither drank of the well, nor used its waters in his calling. On the eve whereof I speak I followed him, and he knew it not, but murmured to himself, 'Beloved birth-place, never will I leave thee. My destiny must find me, I cannot seek it—must be made to my hands, for I can do nought but shape cups, and gaze on Junia.' I was half-minded to ask his meaning, but there were other Junias besides mine; who, having seen me, could never, I deemed, waste a thought upon this beggar; in sooth, I heeded not; there were elsewhere women. I was sure of her

in the end : so, not stooping to question with a potter, I went my way, and came again into Rome, where time tarried not. But, behold ! a year was scarce gone when an epistle was given me, which I paid a scribe to read and answer, for what hath a court soldier to do with arts so mechanical ? In it my cousin besought me to release her, saying that, without my will, she would wed no other, yet could never be mine and live. So the scribe wrote, at my bidding, that she must be mine and die, for I would by no means free her ; at which *Lais*, the pretty Athenian who was with me, laughed *Junia* to scorn ! Another moon had well nigh waned, when tidings came that mine uncle was dead ; and I sent word that I would claim my wife in a brief season. But when I came into her house, there was much mourning and sore dismay. She was gone, none knew whither. Now, though I, being assured of possessing all her goods, might little be expected to sorrow for one who loved me not, yet was it natural that I should nevertheless chastise *Caius* the potter ; for he, I thought, must have caused all this. Wherefore, with many others, I ran to his shed ; but we found only he ; and the children who stood round about held me, sobbing, ‘ Harm him not, our friend is in despair ! ’ Yet he rose up, haughtily, and said unto me these words : ‘ Well know I, oh ! Centurion, whom thou seekest : it is in vain ; she is lost and found, false and true, dead and immortal. Ha, ha ! how sure thou wert ! This hand is guiltless of her blood ; but it was not for thee to win her as she was, it were not for thee to love her as she is ; therefore depart, or seek farther at thine own peril ; accursed be he who disturbeth her sleep ! ’ So we thought him possessed, and I was devising tortures for him, when he cried again, ‘ Words and tears, from the poor, do nought with such as ye ; here are jewels, of many colours and great size—take them, and leave me to weep my *Junia* ! ’ It was as he said ; we stared on one another, and wist not what to do with him ; but what to do with his gems I well enough knew ; some of them sent to *Nero* (would they had proved choak friars to him !) raised me higher than before in his grace. ‘ How camest thou by these ? ’ quoth I ; and *Caius* answered, ‘ When any ask thee that question, tell them thou hadst the toys from one who will give thee more to be rid of thee.’—‘ Nay,’ said I, ‘ hadst thou offered me such reasons at the first, thou mightst have married all the *Junias* in the universe.’—‘ What ! ’ he shouted fiercely, ‘ wouldst thou have taken a price for *Junia* living ? Worlds should not have purchased her of me ! A little wealth may do much then, if we gain it but in time ; it will save life, but can never restore. I had nothing but her glances ; in them, an empire in riches ; without them, the bitterest poverty. Had we, but a few days since, known thee for the sordid, bloodless reptile that thou art, she were now my living bride. Pupil of *Nero*, this is thy work ! ’

“ Again I was tempted to kill the slave ; but he hurled a great chrystal at my head, to pick up the which was a braver occupation. Then the chief magistrate, who was by, said, ‘ All this serves not ; it importeth me, *Caius*, to learn, the source of thy so sudden wealth.’—‘ There may be no such matter, thou upright lawgiver ! ’ laughed he ; ‘ take a handful of these to the cunning Jews of our city ; if they give thee nothing for them, punish me ; if otherwise, enjoy it, nor trouble one who can enjoy no more. Sweetens it not for ye, somewhat, a sight like this, to know that I gain it by the loss of what was most precious to me ? that the blessing I craved turneth to a cause of wailing when possessed ?

that I am mocked by the outward means of comfort, just when I am robbed of the outward power to feel it? Rejoice, ye who can, for awhile; I tell ye that your doom is nigh!' And the magistrate, being a wise man, put up the stones, and was satisfied. Others followed; to all, though with despitful words, did Caius throw diamonds in such heaps, that we knew his found treasure to be without end; yet feared that, if we imprisoned him, it might cease. So the magistrates now executed justice at his word, even on some offenders among the great ones of our city, because he was greater than all; though scarce any could be called poor, so vast was the bounty of the potter. He did good to the afflicted, and the Israelites bowed before him; yet, though he had a house built on the site of his shed, he feasted none, took no one to wife, albeit our women much courted him; but wore plain apparel, hiding himself in a part of his garden overgrown with briars, as if to study, in what sort his servant trembleth to guess, as, listening without, he often hears a low whispering sound, and, being a man chosen for his trustworthiness, would doubtless tell more, if more he knew; for having little to do, and much to spend, it is natural that the fellow should oft leave so dull a place, and talk with any who will hear. But the greatest wonder is, that, whether Caius had long secretly practised with the clay in which he worked, or is all at once gifted with the power, Pompeia is now adorned by his hand with likenesses in stone of flowers, fruit, and animals. Among men he giveth but the images of the dead; as if themselves, asleep, pale, but not white; with ringlets and habits coloured as when they lived. No eye hath looked on him while he wrought these things. Even those for whom he hath done them, know not how; or, if they do, bless him, and are silent. Truly, though these be days of strange doctrines and new superstitions, it may not be well to meddle with the consciences of rich men, at least till they have made us rich as themselves. But for me—no longer one of repute in mine own land, compared with this my rival, shall I owe him an equality with himself and not hate? while of Junia I know no more, and feel that my townsmen will soon be willing to aid me, so curious grow they to learn how got he the hoards he parteth among them. No! I purpose to possess my master (whose hair may the Furies pull out of curl!) with these facts, and work my will upon the potter, in the emperor's name!"

Such were the rumours which spread over Italy, and, fortunately for my purpose, were preserved by the sensation which the fall of Pompeia created. These traditions slept, but to awaken refreshed, by the discoveries of our last century. It was then that our exploring party, passing through a strange house, came to a mound of ashes in its garden. After some digging, they reached a tangle of crushed and withered branches: this also they removed, till they found some, still verdant, which resisted their axes. These were twined into a circular bower, and must have met over head, till crushed by the lava and cinders. No eye could penetrate the interior. On one side was a wicket, of the same material, but securely fastened; without it lay some human bones, and a sword, such as worn by the Roman soldiers. At last this wicker-work so indurated that it broke like stone, gave way, and they beheld a sparry grot, with its exquisitely-shaped bath, into which water must once have fallen from the rock, and thence flowed over a wide chasm beside it, now nearly choked with dust. In that marble cradle reclined a female figure, of

uncommon beauty and symmetry; her eyes were closed, but a smile lingered on her still roseate mouth; and auburn hair was braided o'er her brow. In her hand she held a scroll, on which was written, "For Caius, and mine oath!" At her feet knelt a skeleton, in ghastly contrast with her life-like grace, though there was much expression in its attitude; for the head was upturned, as if life's last look had been fixed upon this idol, on whose lap lay a stylus, and a roll of fragments, they were decyphered, and may serve to explain this affecting spectacle.

"Without strength, genius, learning, birth, friends, fortune, powerless of fair means, too honest for foul ones, dead to vanity, averse to strife, loving a scene to which I owe but my birth, a maid who can never be mine, what have I to hope? Yet to tell those who neglect or insult me, fancying that I am content, nor fit for a better fate, how deeply I scorn their oppression—to have them in my power, and use it but to serve them—this were revenge! To be free from menial toil, to hold communion with the glorious dead, to ascertain the force of mine own mind, this were life! To breathe my worship before Junia for ever, this were felicity! Wondrous dreams, why do ye torture an unoffending worm?"

She knows all, she pities, yet would not approve, but that we hear her blighted one is false and base. She hath written for release; her father would adopt me, we would give up all his store to this centurion. I could labour for the old man, for Junia, for our babe, should we be parents. She says she would work too; but, though she knows it not, this is said with so goddess-like an air, that it overwhelms me. What were fame or gold to us?

He loves not, yet will not yield her. Our father is stricken to the heart. Our priests say there is no help; our citizens—that if we offend the Gods, (they mean the emperor's minion, who will, at best, seize all we have) they can, in no way, employ or aid us. I shuddered lest Junia should ever toil; must she even taste want because of her love for me? We have sworn not to quit the place of our nativity. Yet here we shall soon have no friends.

He comes to claim her. It is known that he saved her father's life; it is not known that in sport, by chance, or for his own purpose he did it. The old man is dead. We feel that this centurion's cold wantonness of power, his reliance on a faith in others which he himself derides, shortened our good sire's days; but dare we say so, while we are poor, and he in prosperity? Why rejoiced I that he loved not. Oh, if he had, though, to our sorrow, he must have suffered more, he would have been too proudly kind to wed her; but then I should have felt myself an ungenerous wretch. Junia too, even in gaining happiness, would have lost some portion of her worth.

My beloved hath just said unto me, and with a smiling countenance, "Caius, take comfort! stealing through thy house, while thou wert absent, I have been where thou hast not, to the well of which no man drinketh; and the fall of a leaf upon that water revealed to me how I

may escape from my vow, without sin, without exile. Thou mayst call me thine for ever, and possess wealth, and honour. I will show thee how; for I have offered sacrifices to the gods, who have made me solemnly brave and patient; nay, there is rapture in my resolve. Go thither, when the orb of Dian rises o'er the plain. Thou shalt find me, with pearls for my garland, and rubies for my wine! Therefore live, oh, my dearest, to bring down the pride of those who trampled thy humility, sparing only the centurion, because he is my cousin, and once did serve my sire. All good gods guard thee! we shall meet again." This speech I understood not, yet I hope, and will obey.

Inexorable Jove! Oh, Junia! Child of love and honour! What hast thou done? Now ye earthquakes—now, Vesuvius, home of infernals, send pestilence—yet, no; she bade me live for justice; is this life? The pearl-browed queen of night arose. I glode into the thicket, and beheld my love—but where? Sleeping, as it seemed, beneath the slow fall of that mystic spring. I called on her, but she answered not, nor stirred at my bidding. She was deaf to my frantic cry, blind to my tears. I strove to raise her, but it would not be; she was now as the rock itself, the scroll she held, the garb she wore, petrified. I brought a brand, and kindled the boughs around her, nor noise, nor light, nor heat, availed. A vase of wine stood in the water. I dashed it to atoms; but the liquid flowing not forth, clove, in sparkles to its urn; and I saw the truth, crying, "Oh, ho! fair, quiet stream, thou art like the cold ones of the world, who go on unimpeded in their own course, yet stagnate every thing more genial which comes near them. I pay mine all for thy terrible secret." Junia had found it first, and voluntarily died, that she might shamelessly remain with me. I imagined her waiting for death, with a smile—my name washed from her lip, as it changed to stone. Yes, unpolluted by another's embrace, she was mine. The faith of her spirit had frozen and hardened her warm and tender heart. Passion had purified the same, and was now, of itself, quenched. She might defy her foe. She was with the gods, yet with me; and, though she ate not at my board, I might sit beside her bed. The fire had her not, nor the air, the earth, nor the worms thereof. Ever young, she, herself, and no copy, would weepingly smile on her adorer, even if he lived to be aged. The murmur of the well should seem her deep sweet voice, the perfume of the flowers her delicious sigh. We were happier than the first lovers of this scene. I had slain none for her sake; no conscience was burdened by her death. Think, ye who love, what it must be to keep, as if embalmed in tears, changelessly, incorruptibly, the aspect of the beautiful, bequeathing it to all time, as a proof that ye did not falsely rave. This power was mine! and many of us have such statues, if but in our own hearts, sources alike of pride and of despair. But to conceal my treasure I must try the virtue of this spring still further. Accordingly I devoted that night to forming an osier-work temple around and above this shrine, with an entrance, which I might secure within. It was done. I sprinkled the branches with that gifted water, and they formed a wall. This barrier, however, if detected, might be broken down. The only armour against this world's cruelty is wealth. I gathered up the splinters that once were wine, and, at dawn, bearing them to a lapidary, asked how many pieces he would give me for

them ; after using sundry tests, he replied, that the jewels were of a kind wholly new to him, which variety, as well as their size and brightness, tempted him to risk a large sum. So he gave me one indifferent small, evidently hugging himself on having cheated me in the bargain ; but what cared I how little I got for things which I could multiply to infinity. Then went I back, and, to avoid suspicion, dropped into smaller cups some mead, milk, fair water, and the clear dyes with which I had been wont to tint my ware. These, placed so that my fount of splendour might run round, presently became equal to topaz, pearl, diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires. I clipped off the clay from about them, and lay them up in my house. Now let the centurion come.

Mine enemies are silenced on every hand. I am famous. I am flattered, and, beside Junia, I pore over the thoughts of poets and of sages ; but she bids me leave her sometimes, that I may do good to others. A selfish lover is unworthy of her.

How many bereaved friends have I partially consoled ! How many fair creations perpetuated. Those to whom we give wealth may betray, but they who truly love can be secret. The last look, be it what it may, a real mourner is loathe to lose. They confide to me their dead. I restore them statues ; but I tell to none how this may be. I bear the water to their houses, for none shall lie near my Junia. It is usually covenanted to say that these bodies are burned, or embalmed ; and I pass for a great sculptor, from no merit of my own. I was the same, or a better man, when they slighted me ; for then mine every act the world was welcome to see. I was all truth.

When I was poor I deemed that the rich had no distress. I have reached the pinnacle, all around is danger. The novelty decreases. My rival, buying arms with my gifts, turns them against me. Many are the ungrateful envies, jealousies, and slanders, with which I am beset, because they understand me not. The changes of my fate have taught me to know mankind and myself ; have made me hardy and immoveable. Perchance this may be philosophy. Let a man win fame never so easily, so accidentally, he will, in the end, pay but too dearly for it. Let him content himself with but the coldest semblance of a blessing, he will find it begrudged him, even by those on whom he hath bestowed substantial comfort ; but they shall not make me a cynic ; they shall not drive me from my beloved Pompeia. It is something that I *have* had my day. I will tell them all. Myself divert this wondrous spring, so that it may flow into a public place, for their use ; no eye, save mine, must look on Junia ; with her, ease, and obscure competence, I may yet be happy in the twilight of our ever-green bower.

Divinities ! do I live to write this ? It was evening, most of our citizens had retired to rest, and I—to continue this record, at the feet of Junia ; when the centurion called on me aloud, saying that, empowered by our new ruler, Titus, he had opened the tomb of certain Pompeians ; they were empty ; the statues had been hacked up, indications of their nature were evident ; and I was accused of sorcery.

Vexed with myself for having waited to be forced into confession, I opened the wicket for his party, offering to shew them my well. Alas! the seeming good which brought me into this peril, had failed me at mine extremest need. *It was dry!* They would have dashed my Junia from her sacred throne, and slain me, but for the maids and matrons whose dear ones I had saved to them, until this accursed day. All was tumult, when, suddenly, the earth rocked beneath our feet, the mountain sent forth a roar—and crying “The Augury!” they all fled. I secured myself against their return, and now, by the hot flashes which break the horrid gloom, trace these lines, while friends and foes expire together. The general doom terminates all lesser causes. I pity and forgive. What shrieks of madness! and there sits Junia unmoved. A gentler death was thine, beloved! than, hadst thou longer stayed, thou must have met. I could not have borne to feel this hopeless sympathy for thee; to see thee suffer it, to look on thy blackened corse. Thy beauty will survive, if the world doth; its sublime calm mans my heart; let terror rage without, all here is quiet. I had a home that is not, a fame that I outlive, a wealth that is buried, a power that is past away. Now I have nothing but thee; and shall not long be more sentient than myself. Gods! may we not unite in Elysium? The next crash must end all. It will be welcome, for I see thee no more, but die in thy presence Junia!”

The last word was imperfect. Some bigot, calling the statue a Pagan abomination, either destroyed or concealed it; but doubtless many fossil remains still exist, that were dipped in the well of the potter; and many noble ladies may wear his gems, who dream not of their origin.

Assuredly there are others, like Caius, by no fault of their own, destined to ill-luck, till their misery seems so essential to the order of nature, that, should they ever begin, in any way to thrive the next thing to expect were *that the world would come to an end!*

H.

SONNET.

SEE! the untried morn is on her way;—
 Through the deep shades of night, deeply serene—
 She steers two wide divided worlds between,
 Starless or star-led, never gone astray.
 So let us, weak, her ministry obey;—
 Though outcast pilgrims of a wintry scene,
 Though clouds surround—and darkness intervene,
 Yet, may we never our own steps betray,
 But through the dim obscurity of fate,
 In our own patience let us still abide;
 Still rais'd above our own sad mortal state,
 To count the ebb and flow of fortune's tide.
 Content, fair moon, to seek our welcome shrine,
 And fade away—in purity, like thine.

MILITARY TOPOGRAPHY OF OPORTO.

Posto fora de Brazil vem Pedro aventureiro
 A roubar-nos, com estrangeiros sem pao e denheiro
 Mas logo Mostraremos a este ex Emperador de Maucacos
 Que poco caso fazemos d'elle et dos seus Polacos.
 Marchamos Luzitanos e no campo da gloria
 Vengaremos, o altar, o trono, e a patria,
 A devisa nossa es esta—Morra infame Pedro
 E vera el Rey Senhor Don Miguel primeiro.

Miguelite War Song.

THE City of Oporto, upon which the eyes of all Europe are at present fixed, is situated near the mouth of the river Douro, and contains about seventy thousand inhabitants. It is built on the declivity of a mountain, the height of which is from thirty-five to forty toises, and occupies the inclined plane that extends from the summit to the very edge of the water. The Douro is both deep and rapid, and about three hundred yards wide; a bridge of boats connect it with the suburb of Villa Nova. The city, from its locale, is extremely narrow. A convent (de Terra), which commands the Faubourg and the city, occupies a mountain equal in height to that on which Oporto is built. Three routes branch off from the city: one northwards, to Brôja; a second to Amarante, eastwards; and the third to the southward, through Coimbra, to the capital. All these are bad, hilly and rocky, and unfavourable to the evolutions of cavalry and artillery.

Oporto is undefended on the north and east sides. On the south it is covered by the Douro, and on the west by the ocean and by the forts constructed at the mouth of the river. In 1809, the Portuguese endeavoured to defend the city against the advance of Soult and his army: for this purpose they threw up a line of entrenchments, and redoubts placed upon a chain of rounded hills, on the north side, and when the hills failed, the defences were continued by earthen ramparts, loop-holed houses, and felled trees. This line rested on the right on the Seminario, and was carried over the crest of the mountain to the mouth of the river on the left.

The Portuguese, led by their bishop, had collected in this entrenched camp upwards of forty thousand men, among whom were many regular troops. The French, however, carried the place, with immense loss to the defenders. Soult having, on the evening of the 28th of March, discovered, by a feint attack, the weakest part of the Portuguese position, boldly resolved to attack the strongest point, force his way through the city, and seize the bridge, in order to secure the passage of the river. Dividing his army into three columns, he commenced the attack by the wings, reserving his centre until the enemy, believing the whole attack was developed, had weakened their own centre to strengthen their flanks. Then the French, held in reserve, stormed the entrenchments and the two principal forts. The Portuguese army thus cut in two, the French carried in succession nearly all the forts, and drove the enemy back on the city with great slaughter. The victory was certain, but the battle continued within the town; for two battalions having burst the barricades at the entrance of the streets, had penetrated to

the bridge, and here all the horrid circumstances of war (says Colonel Napier) and the calamities of an age, were compressed into one doleful hour.

More than 4000 people, of every age and sex, were seen rushing forward in a frenzied tumult and confusion; some already on the bridge, others striving to gain it. The batteries on the Villa Nova side opened their fire when the French appeared, and at the same moment a body of Portuguese cavalry, flying from the fight, came rushing down one of the streets, and dashed at full gallop into the midst of the flying crowd. The bridge, unable to sustain the increasing weight, sunk, and the foremost of these unfortunate fugitives kept tumbling into the river, from the pressure behind, until their heaped bodies, rising above the surface, actually filled all the space left by the boats that had sunk. The French, horror-stricken at the spectacle, forgot the rage of combat, and hastened to save the survivors. The ill-fated city was now delivered up to an infuriated soldiery, whom Soult in vain endeavoured to restrain. The Portuguese, to this day, entertain a grateful sense of his conduct on that occasion. The frightful scene of pillage, murder, and every other enormity that war brings in its train, lasted for some hours. Upwards of 10,000 Portuguese fell on that unhappy day.

The surprise of this city, in the month of May following, by the Duke of Wellington, was as bold an operation as any recorded in military history.

The British approached the city from the southward, and dragging up some artillery to the Convent of the Serra, they pushed across the river and seized the Seminario; while another division crossed at Arentas, and, after a smart action, remained masters of the city.

The present line of defence is much more contracted than that occupied by the Portuguese in 1809. It extends from the Semanario to the Torre da Maria on the left. There are thus in position fifty pieces of artillery, and some mortar batteries, besides a train of fifteen field pieces, ready to move at a moment's notice. Barricades are erected at the head of each street, defended by a trench externally, with a platform for a gun on the inner side, and a breastwork for infantry. On the Villa Nova side, works have been erected, and the Convent de Serra placed in a posture of defence. Videttes on this side are thrown forward as far as St. Osidio. Don Pedro's force consists of about 14,000 men, one half of which are of the line; but his defences would offer no material obstacle to a regular attack. Miguel has about 16 or 18,000 men on the north side of the Douro, and about 6000 on the south side. This latter corps has some very heavy artillery. On the other hand, every thing that could cover the advance of an enemy in front of Oporto has been levelled, and the population disarmed.

Vallonga, the scene of the affair of the 23d July, is a small villa, about three leagues from Oporto. Amarante, the head-quarters of the Miguelites, is a very strong position; it is a small place, fortified in the ancient manner, but possesses a double *tête de pont* upon the Tamegan, a small river that disembogues itself into the Douro. General St. Martin, unable to make any attempt by the Coimbra road, because he would have been obliged to cross the Douro, and not being master of the sea, he could make no demonstration on the west, seized Amarante, while the reinforcements advancing from the capital would menace the city on the south side.

Don Pedro's position, in a military point of view, is extremely critical; for if he only executes a day's march, either to the north or the south, he leaves Oporto uncovered, and abandons his communications with the sea, by which he draws all his supplies. His only resource would be to ascend the river, and attack the royalist positions, but they are uncommonly strong, and it took Loison's corps of 7000 men near an entire month to master them.

If Don Pedro is allowed to take up his winter quarters at Oporto, and to organize his resources for the next campaign, he may yet succeed; though by going to Oporto, instead of making a dash at Lisbon, where his party was in the greatest force, (for without the intimate conviction of the existence of a strong party in his favour, the enterprise was absolutely Quixotic,) he threw all his chances into the scale of his adversary. We await the next arrivals with considerable anxiety, for it is the decided policy of Miguel *de brusquer l'affaire*, and if he only acts with ordinary energy, he has certainly a force, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, sufficient to annihilate at a blow the army of his brother. When we reflect that the success of the liberal cause depends upon the absence of only a single man of head and execution, we look with fearful anxiety to the result.

THE SPECULATIONS OF A HUNGRY MAN.

CANADA—the Swan River—South Africa—where shall a single gentleman, unembarrassed by an hereditary sixpence, plant himself in these days? Shall he look for a commission in the new police, or a puisne-judgeship in Greece, or a bishopric in Nova Zembla, or a majority in Don Pedro's service? What direction shall he give a mind unprejudiced by education or profession? 'Tis a hard matter!

At the present day, when starvation is the universal horizon of every one's prospects, it is rather amusing to observe what pains some people take to incur a gentlemanly sort of famine, and avoid a poor-house style of life, that they may perish with credit as members of a profession. The very word makes me laugh. I have tried, or at least I have reflected upon them all; and the result has been a firm conviction, that to undertake any is a sign of an unphilosophic and undisciplined character. Hunger, that now stares me in the face during all but six hours of the twenty-four, would probably extend its impertinent intrusion still further had I to save a moiety of the sum, which now purchases my single daily meal, in order to supply myself with that profligate object of expenditure, a yearly new coat. That which well-dressed men call society would, amongst other unnatural exactions, demand from me more than a weekly charge of linen; and were I compelled to talk delicate English, I should be compelled to make my chin pliable by means of a razor; whereas my present free-and-easy discourse requires no relaxation of beard, no locomotion of muscle. I move as I please, and my toes are not pinched by any unkindness on the part of the side-leather.

But one cannot baffle long the great foe, the continual spectre, that stands so visibly in one's very front. Starvation is close by, and something must be done. Let it not be in mad England. I am quite per-

plexed whenever I think of this our country—with all its internal wealth and external resources—its pure government—its noble institutions—its generous sons—its valour—its religion—its beauty ; and then to reflect upon the price of beef in London ! Does it not turn one's patriotism into rebellion, as it substitutes appetite for digestion, to calculate that a single mutton-chop costs five-pence ! So much for the table—next the wardrobe. In what other country, it may be asked, would the year play such abominable pranks with a man of forethought ? When, at any time, did the three months March, April, and May, shuffle and change places with each other in so unprincipled a manner as here ? When I had suffered all my cloth to go into the country for the summer, and, through the kind negociation of a gentleman from Holywell-street, managed to obtain an adequate supply of merino from some unknown friend, for a consideration almost nominal ; was it not hard, in the second week of May, to be accosted by a northerly frost, and to wander through a sea of mud, that gave my un-talk-about-ables a resemblance to a pair of strange-shaped zebras ? A man of small means has no chance in such a climate. I had formed a party to visit the Exhibition on the 12th ; but, instead of going there, I was left at home to scour up an old pair of gaiters for a ball that night. None of this would have happened in Greece. And then the taxes ! Not that they much affect me individually—only one views these things on public grounds ; and with this view I cannot but recommend a property-tax in lieu of all others ; for I do think, when a man has not a farthing in the world, he should not be obliged to pay the horrid sums he now does—indirectly of course—for the attic-window and the small soap he may chance to employ. I must confess I like the post-office and stamps, and many other sources of national revenue ; but when a man or a minister makes your landlord contribute to the land-tax, by which means your rent is raised one shilling per week, I do say, that these are crying grievances in this country, and no independent man, like myself, can be perfectly contented in it.

Well, then, with regard to foreign parts, what shall we say. Does not Algiers offer a glorious prospect ?—and Greece and Turkey ?—Russia and Calabria ? Who is there so helpless as to be shut out from a presidency of a South American republic, should he choose to “ call one into existence ? ” Who may not be Lord High Admiral or Master of the Rolls in the empire or kingdom of Prince Leopold ? Why should not a sly fellow ingratiate himself with the sultan, and induce him to cut off the heads of all the dignitaries, according to the precedence and number of their tails, that stands between him and the office of grand-vizier ? Or let him call himself Sir William Congreve, and whisper his vocation in the ear of the Pacha of Egypt ; and might he not instantly be made generalissimo of 40,000 Bedouin Arabs, arch-defender of the harem, and superintendent of their works ? No, Don Pedro's service promises best. The notion is ecstatic. How fortunate was it that I found a sixpence the other day (on a shop-counter.) It enabled me to get a cup of what is called by a sort of poetical licence, coffee, for several successive mornings, and to see the paper. But then, again, how unfortunate was it, that the first I heard of the exploits of the Don's agents in beating up for recruits here, was their retreat from the Thames police officers, who had taken it into their heads to enlist *them*. So that my application was only just in time to be totally inapplicable. I would follow the expedition ; but the credit of this country is so shaken, that

I question whether any captain of a vessel would trust me to the amount of the passage-money, though a British-born subject; and till that national credit is restored, I know not that I have the means of putting any one of my plans in execution; for the shameful negligence of agriculturists in the payment of their rents, together with the over-speculation of the commercial people generally, or some cause at present not stated, deprives me of affluence, not to say competency. My purse has become the receptacle of two steel keys and a pen-knife; and if I dine to-day, it embarrasses me to ascertain what remuneration I can have to offer for the outlay incurred by the tavern-keeper in providing me with bread and cheese.

Now, as for home-appointments, it must be confessed that my friends are not very influential with the present ministry,—partly from ancestral prejudice, partly from a want of sympathy on other grounds. At any rate, I cannot expect any adequate advancement from them. Nor, indeed, would there be the slightest gratification in a mere gratuitous elevation. No man like myself can understand the pleasurable feelings of those favourite protégés who are lifted up without muscular effort into fat deaneries and snug secretaryships. The exertion of obtaining makes the object worth obtaining; and for this reason I am resolved to carve out my own fortunes by my own means, and having neither money nor friends, present employment or future prospects, my wit must supply their place; and thus follows its first exercise, in the shape of a humble appeal to the first, if not only, Mæcenas of the age—

Robert Warren, Esq., of No. 30, Strand.

To Mr. Warren, then, do I appeal as followeth:

“SIR,—I am a young man, particularly worthy your attention, either as operative shoe-black, manufacturer, distributor, or panegyrist of your easy shining and brilliant jet or japan blacking. Either or all of these offices I will undertake at a peculiarly low rate of compensation. Much as I admire the transcendent talents of your present household poets, I cannot but think I have a stock of double rhymes hitherto unknown to the English language. Greatly as I appreciate the elegance with which your portable placards are suspended from the neck of your peripatetic retainers, I may venture to hint that my shoulders would support a basket-load of your heaviest bottles for sixteen hours per diem, and this would lead to a notoriety which no vulgar advertisement could hope for. There is no man in London who has so perfect a knowledge of compounds as myself. In its simple state I am acquainted with nothing; as a medley of adulteration I am well versed in the secrets of all abominable filthiness, whether of sight, smell, taste, or touch. I was for some time employed as a person in the Cape-wine trade, and understand something of the principles of preparing genuine London porter; and this, I trust, will give me a claim to your notice as a subordinate manufacturer.

“Oh! Robert Warren, this is an opportunity not to be neglected. Write to me by return of post (taking care to pay it, or I shall not be able to take it in); or, as I have no particular direction, look for me, any time between sunrise and midnight, beneath the statue at Charing Cross—for that is my favourite resort. To make recognition easy, I shall leave off my shoes on that occasion, and, as a private token, I shall possibly be without a coat!”

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BALIFF-BRUTALITIES.—A case of assault by a Sheriff's Officer, tried lately at the Westminster Sessions, will serve to call attention to the character and practices of a class of men, who, in these debtor and creditor days, are, we fear, in unprecedented requisition; and who, notorious as they are for being quite destitute of everything like "conscience and tender heart," are not very likely to be improved or humanized by the increased calls upon them for exertion, and a multiplication of the misfortunes upon which they grow prosperous at the expense of the impoverished. The case we alluded to is sufficiently aggravated; an officer named *Levy* having, on the strength of the writ wherewith he was armed, burst into the dressing-room of a lady of respectability,—an invalid, and moreover at the moment nearly undressed—and struck both her and her female servant—although not the slightest attempt was made or intended, by the gentleman whom he was in quest of, to evade the execution of the writ. This brutal and unprovoked assault has cost the perpetrator of it a paltry fine of "20/ to the KING;" an amount for which the defendant "immediately wrote a cheque," and then left the Court amidst the condolences or congratulations of a numerous muster of the baliff fraternity; instead of being mulcted, as he should have been, in five times the sum,—and sent for six months, in a different capacity to that of gaoler, to a different species of "lock-up-house" to that over which he presides.

It is to be feared that the assault, thus leniently dealt with, disgraceful and barbarous as it is, is by no means a case of rare occurrence. It may perhaps be taken as a specimen of the outrages that are daily happening, unheard of and unpunished, under the sheltering cloak of law, in every county in the kingdom. In the metropolis, it is assuredly not an unfare example of the mode in which these ruffians too often riot in the privileges which their warrant gives them, and insult and wound those whom that warrant places at their mercy. The "insolence of office" is, perhaps, manifested in these fellows more than in any other class of official hirelings. They belong by nature and habit to the coarsest and most vulgar grade of society; money is to them the great distinguishing principle of life; they recognize but two classes of men, the creditors and the debtors—those who, having no money, cannot pay—and those who are arbitrarily resolved to have their due, whether it is to be had or not. Their interest teaches them to take part with the exercise of power, qualifying them not only to discharge their functions without delicacy or remorse—without the slightest courtesy or respect towards the misfortune of the unhappy debtor—but also, as in the instance we have adverted to, to break through the boundaries of common humanity and decency, and to violate the law by open assaults and indignities upon any persons, gentle or simple, that they may encounter in their search.

The Law of Arrest—the subject of Imprisonment for Debt, of which such frightful and ruinous examples are hourly happening under the eyes of persons of all conditions in life—except the richest of all, who choose to shut theirs to evils from which they are themselves exempt—this arbitrary law, and this destructive and dreadful system of imprison-

ment, are topics of daily-deepening interest ; they are daily becoming better understood ; and are far, very far, from being the least important of the thousand stirring and pregnant subjects of consideration, which now provoke discussion throughout the whole immense range of society. In the abominations of the law itself, the malpractices, extortions, and brutalities of those whose profession it is to carry its despotic provisions into effect are, although, as glaring and notorious as the noon-day, too frequently overlooked. They are ranked as matters of course among the distresses and disasters to which every debtor is liable ; and are taken to be part and parcel of the law itself, and, therefore, things to be borne with as the sufferer best may, so long as the present law may last. Nor, it must be confessed, is there any remedy, except in actions like this against LEVY, actions which involve a certain outlay to the complainant, who it may be presumed is, generally, too poor to go to law—a great risk of failure, as in all other cases of application for legal redress—an exposure of private and painful circumstances, to which few like, or can afford to give publicity to—and when all this hazard, expence and mortification have been encountered with success, the result is, as we have seen, a fine of “ twenty pounds to the King,” and a vulgar and cheaply purchased triumph to the rich baliff, who “ writes a draft” for the costs of one injury, and swaggers off to commit a hundred others with impunity.

THE DEMON DUKE AND HIS DOUBLE.—The tea-table circles of the United Kingdom have been thrown, for the last fortnight, into a state of curiosity and consternation, by an event, quite unequalled by any thing that has happened above-ground since the days of the Dragon of Wantley. We allude, of course, to the “ affair” at Barnes, in which the Duke of Cumberland has so distinguished himself, as to render his equestrian exploits more famous, from this time forth, than Ducrow’s.

The story is as well known as that of the Duke’s rival, the Dragon alluded to above. Certain young ladies were walking quietly upon a footpath, when a certain horseman, “ with white mustachios,” galloped up, and (all but) rode over them. They were not hurt, it is true—that is, their feet were not trampled upon by the horse’s hoofs, nor did the rider exercise his whip upon any body but his fellow-brute beneath him ; but they were sufficiently alarmed, and with sufficient reason ; for, if not in actual peril of their lives, they could not fail to think themselves so. The horseman “ with white mustachios” saw their alarm—heard their exclamations of terror—and, as he galloped off, turned round his head—and *laughed* !

Now, whosoever this horseman “ with white mustachios” may be, it is plain that he can have no further claim to be considered as a gentleman, even if some good-natured people should be charitable enough to think him a step higher in the scale of nature than his horse.

The immediate consequence of the insulting outrage, was a letter in the daily papers, charging the Duke of Cumberland with being the owner of the identical pair of white mustachios in question. Deep was the disgust—loud were the execrations—but small, small indeed, was the surprise ! The Duke offered something like an explanation, or half-apology, for the insult, and the tea-table discussions were in imminent danger of breaking up ; when up steps the celebrated Colonel Quentin, with a personal visit to Hammersmith, and a letter to the *Morning Post*,

taking upon *himself* (!) the whole odium of the transaction, and protesting that the duke was in no way whatever entitled to the smallest share in the ignominy which was the natural result of it. *He* (the colonel) was the real Simon Impure, and none but he had a right to the execrations of the public. In proof of his assertion, he pointed to his horse, to his accoutrements—even to his gloves; which the ladies who were called forth to pronounce judgment as to the identity of their insultor, declared to be the same. But alack! for Colonel Quentin, one point of resemblance was wanting—one, the most conspicuous and characteristic of all. *The white mustachios were missing!* The colonel had forgotten the crowning peculiarity of his prototype. He looked like the Duke of Cumberland—but it was the Duke of Cumberland *shaved!* It was *Othello* with a face innocent of blackness. It was *Bottom*, without the ass's head.

As long as this world lasts, will every body believe the Duke of Cumberland to be the hero of the Barnes brutality; and so long also will they regard Colonel Quentin in the light of a person who has volunteered, in a spirit of the most unaccountable and almost frantic friendship, to encounter the public contempt to which another was lawfully entitled. The colonel is beyond all denial the boldest captain in the universe. He not only consents to brave the obloquy of an action which he never committed, but he is even willing to have it supposed that there is some personal resemblance between himself and the duke. He stands courageously forward, and confesses that the Duke of Cumberland has been *mistaken for him!* We can picture nothing that involves so much moral heroism as this—such marvellous self-sacrifice! such perilous an excess of friendship!

MAGISTERIAL MORALITY.—One half of the acts of the existing race of Magistrates will, we hope, be regarded by their successors as beacons to set them upon a different tack. Nothing can better serve to show how justice is *not* administered, than those frequent decisions of the several “benches” that dignify the metropolis, which people read with incredulous amazement, and a fit of exasperation against the reporter, for libelling a class of men who claim to be denominated “Your Worship.”

Such was the feeling with which we read the account of the detention of a watch and other property, belonging to a man whose misfortune it was to be brought before Mr. Gregorie of Queen Square. He was found guilty of being suspected of a burglarious attempt, and was sentenced to a short imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond. On being removed he applied for his watch, a handkerchief or two, and a few shillings, which had been found in his pocket. The magistrate signified his intention of keeping them. The “vagabond” represented, with all deference to the magisterial power of detention, that the articles were *his own*, and offered to produce the person of whom he had purchased them. “That,” said Mr. Gregorie, “is the very reason why I retain them. If I thought they belonged to others they should be returned to them.”

We are lovers and advocates of economy in all its branches, and carry our notions of saving as far as most people. But Mr. Gregorie out-Humes Hume. This scheme of seizing upon silver watches with gold seals, and selling them, to save society the cost of a few weeks' bread

and water, would, if instituted by a Radical in the Reformed Parliament, have made every magistrate in the three kingdoms start astounded upon the bench, or swoon in the arms of his clerk. But magistrates rush in where moralists fear to tread. "Robes and furred gowns hide all."

Where the system thus commenced is to end, we care not to predict. Of course Mr. Gregorie, after this, will be for confiscating the property (although acknowledged by himself to be lawfully obtained) of all subjects that are committed by him; but we do not choose to speculate upon the possibility of the plan being extended to the watches of prosecutors as well as prisoners, though it is plain that the powers of the bench have few limitations under the present system. All that can be done is, to hope that he will sell the watch, &c. to the highest bidder—that no officer may be permitted to buy it in at a convenient sum—that he will see that the governor actually *gets* the money—and that the balance, if any, will be paid to the prisoner upon his discharge. Otherwise he will be more than ever prepared to steal watches, seeing that the law itself sets him a practical example, and shews itself superior to all vulgar prejudices thereunto approaching.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY.—All that was mortal of the Author of Waverley, has at length partaken of the common fate of mortality. The magician has worked his last spell—his wand is withered—his book is clasped—and his appointed labours are done! Wonderful have they been, and grateful should the world be to a spirit to whom it is indebted for such manifold moral blessings and intellectual enjoyments.

The Author of waverly is dead! He expired at Abbotsford, on Friday, the 21st of September. The event had been too long and too surely anticipated to create any sudden shock upon the minds of the thousands that had fed for so many years upon the fruits of his genius; yet the grief and regret are not less deeply seated, because we had been prepared for their coming. Even if it were so, the event itself is coupled with other things of which we had no previous knowledge, and which must impress every reader of the magnificent productions of the mighty novelist—every lover of literature—every respecter of the rights and claims of genius—with unaffected sorrow on the one hand, and resentment on the other.

We allude to the information concerning the insolvency of Sir Walter Scott, and the anticipated necessity of bringing Abbotsford—the scene of his triumphs and his trials—where he enjoyed his unprecedented fame, and endured his pecuniary reverses of fortune—the spot which he loved in life, and which, when struck with death, he was so eager to breathe his last in—Abbotsford; of bringing this his chosen retreat to the hammer. But if such a termination to all his labours be calculated to excite the most saddening reflections, it also awakens a corresponding depth of resentment towards those who could calmly look on and contemplate the inevitable result, while he whom they professed to venerate, whom they almost worshipped, whom they hailed as the intellectual monarch of Scotland, was hourly sinking under the trials, exertions, and mortifications which it inspired. The fact is now undeniable. Sir Walter Scott has fallen a martyr to his pecuniary embarrassments! A fact more mournful in itself, more humiliating, more degrading to the aristocracy of this country, and to that of Scotland, especially, can scarcely be conceived.

DEATH OF MR. GODWIN, JUN.—Among the victims of the cholera this month, is to be numbered the son of the illustrious and venerable author of *Caleb Williams*, who was suddenly carried off in the prime of as healthful and vigorous a manhood, as ever gave hope of a long life. William Godwin, jun., who, though of a social and enjoying disposition, was no less temperate and regular in his habits, was seized, “after a flow of his ordinary good spirits,” by a disease which baffles the speculations of the most skilful, and steals upon the human frame without note or warning. He lingered for two days, and died on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of September. He was in his thirtieth year.

Mr. Godwin had been for some years upon the establishment of the *Morning Chronicle*, as a parliamentary reporter, a capacity in which he was distinguished for more than ordinary ability and conscientious exactness. He was the author of some miscellaneous papers of high merit, in various periodicals works; among others, in the “Monthly.” He was one of our most valued contributors—as he was also one of our most intimate and social friends. What he has written has appeared anonymously, and may never be collected; but his literary performances, no less than his character and principles, are of a nature to attach no dishonour to the name he bore. We can say this, not only from our own conviction, but on the authority of a writer in the *True Sun*, (a writer, the gracefulness of whose pen, and the kindliness of whose disposition, are sure to reveal him, whatever subject he touches upon.) It is there remarked, that “Mr. Godwin was not unworthy of his origin, either in natural ability, or spirit of speculation.”

NOTES ON LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, &c.

WE intend in future to devote a space to the passing topics of the month more especially connected with Literature, Fine Arts, Music, &c. It is too late, however, this time to do justice to our intentions. We can merely advert *en passant* that there are many forthcoming claims to the public attention which the late unusually dull season has kept the publishers from speculating upon. The Annuals likewise are beginning to shew themselves, enlivening the present dearth with their bright colours and gilding, like crocusses in the spring. The first in the field is the Landscape Annual, with a series of splendid illustrations from Harding's drawings, forming the last volume of Italy. Mr. Thomas Roscoe has executed his share of the work with his accustomed ability. Indeed, we question whether any writer of the present day is so well qualified to treat of the land of poetry and romance as the son of the biographer of ‘Leo X.’ and ‘Lorenzo.’

‘Friendship's Offering’ is likely to support its claims to distinction. We have received specimens of plates, some of which are of the very highest order. That of Affection, by Davis, is worthy of the artist. Female Pirates is a beautiful subject. We have only had time to glance them over. Next month we will enter more into detail.

The oldest of the Annuals, “Forget Me Not,” will not disgrace our recommendation. The names of Martin, Leslie, Prout, Richter, W. and E. Finden, Rolls, Carter, &c. &c. speak for the high character of its embellishments; and in the literary department will be found the names of the best writers of the day.

A new feature in literature, or rather a variation upon an old one, is about to be introduced by Mr. Thomas Roscoe and Mr. Leitch Ritchie. On the first of January will be published the first monthly volume of a cheap series of original tales and romances by the most popular authors. It is to be called *Schinderhannes the Robber of the Rhine*.

Mr. Taylor has a life of Cowper now ready for publication. The new volume of the *Continental Annual* is in a state of forwardness; likewise *Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering*. *Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall* is just published.

The Penny National Library—who would not have a library on such terms?—numbers of the *History of England*,—*Universal Biography*,—*Grammar and Dictionary*,—*Law Library*—*Geography and Gazetteer*,—*Ancient History*,—*Shakspeare's Plays*, besides *Standard Novels*, &c. “all for the small charge,” as the showmen say, “of one shilling.” At that rate the whole catalogue of the British Museum ought to be embraced for five pounds.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

LORD BROUGHAM DISPLAYED. BY JEREMY BENTHAM. LONDON. 1832.

We think that the executors of Bentham might have shown their discretion, and evinced their regard for that illustrious man by suppressing the present pamphlet.

We honestly confess our opinion that this production is not calculated to raise him in the estimation of the world either as a philosopher or as a man;—and, however strange and audacious it may appear to his disciples to avow that belief, we do not hesitate to say that we think Bentham was not altogether the amiable and upright philosopher that they have taken so much pains for years past to represent him. We think we discover no small portion of unbecoming acrimony—of bad feeling, and of mean envy in many of his writings, and in none more than in this attempted exposure of a friend. Far be it from us to insult the memory of a great man, but when we see daily the arrogant insolence with which all who presume to differ from Bentham's views and utilitarian philosophy are assailed—when also we find, as in the work before us, a total disregard of all such ceremony as common feeling and common decency would dictate, we cannot restrain ourselves from the natural inclination to protest against such an unworthy exhibition.

The object of Mr. Bentham's pamphlet is to throw ridicule, and to bring odium and contempt upon Lord Brougham's recent improvements in the Chancery Practice, with many observations upon the Bankruptcy Court Bill recently passed, and much gratuitous information of bad, if not base, motives of the Chancellor. All this was hardly to have been expected from Mr. Bentham, and we are led to the unavoidable conclusion that the philosopher was impatient of all legal improvements that did not directly emanate from himself.

But we will say no more upon this point. Jeremy Bentham's fame will rest upon other works than pamphlets of this description, in which we discover but the dregs and lees of a great mind converted into an offensive weapon of attack against a friend, whose only present fault appears to be that he has dared to reform the law without consulting Mr. Bentham at every step.

HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ELEMENTAL LOCOMOTION. BY ALEXANDER GORDON, CIVIL ENGINEER.

LECTURES ON THE STEAM ENGINE. FOURTH EDITION. BY DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.D., F.R.S., &c., &c.

In these works there is so striking a similarity in some of the plates and indices that we are compelled to suppose that there has been unfair play in one or

the other, and to add our impression that the plagiarism has not been perpetrated by Mr. Gordon. It is frequently necessary, in the compilation of lectures, to draw largely from the works of others, but no author, especially one whose labours are but recently before the public, should be paid off, as it were, with a negative compliment; a proper acknowledgment is alike honourable to each.

Of our own knowledge we can say that Mr. Gordon's views of Elementary Locomotion have made many converts to the opinion that steam conveyance on the highways of this country, will be found to be a better mode than conveyance on railways, whether effected by steam or animal power; and this he establishes, in the work before us, by the apothegm of political economy, that all waste of capital or of labour is a natural evil. He gives us the law of gravitation to work out for ourselves, to bring us to the conclusion that a railway for general purposes is not the best mode of transit when the line of traffic is not on a *perfect level*, and this he demonstrates so clearly that we strongly advise all parties who are interested in the existence or formation of railways, or in opposition to their construction, to peruse his arguments, calculations and deductions, with more than ordinary attention. We have never found, until now, in any report on railways, or in any description of them, a proper consideration of the laws of gravitation; a law so potent that its force is felt in an enormous ratio when the rail is inclined even as little as it is on the Liverpool and Manchester line.

Mr. Gordon has gone into some curious calculations as to the relative cost of conveyance by the common road, and by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway; calculations which seem likely to form the groundwork for considerable discussion, and of which we shall only refer to one item, which he states to be the annual amount of tear, wear, and repairs of the locomotive engines. Is he correct in quoting these expenses at 1,500*l.* each engine? If so, such of our friends as are canal proprietors may take a little comfort, particularly when they recollect this speed that has been attained on the Scotch canals even by horses. Dr. Lardner has passed over the latter important fact in rather a careless manner, by just glancing at it in a foot note, from which we gather his opinion, "that the effect alluded to in these experiments (which by the way we should call *demonstrations*, for the regular trips of a boat with sixty passengers for upwards of twelve months is something more than experimental) would not be produced if the boat were propelled by a steam-engine *in it*. It seems to be in some degree dependant on the peculiar mode in which the boat is drawn by the power acting on the banks," i. e. the horses. Can the Doctor inform us how, in this wonderful exhibition of the forces, the laws of dynamics are so different from the laws of projectiles? Or must we suppose that the increased speed of a goose swimming on the water, is regulated, not by any power in the goose, but in some line of attraction on the banks? We admit it to be possible that the progress of many men in the good opinion of the world may arise out of some power that is not inherent in them, from some "peculiar mode" consequent upon external circumstances. Mr. Gordon's Treatise on Elemental Locomotion does not appear to partake of this peculiarity—the *force is in it*—it has a straight forward aim towards the elucidation of the truth, and we recommend its perusal to every one who wishes to obtain the best information of the progress and improvements in the construction of steam-carriages, and of their applicability to every necessary purpose on our common roads.

VENICE. A POEM. ROMANUS AND EMILIA. A DRAMATIC SKETCH. WISBECK. 1832.

NOTHING is more difficult than to criticise a work like "Venice, a Poem." There is a prize-poem like about it, equally provocative of criticism and repulsive to it. It is a theme chosen by the author to be elegant upon; and the result is rather a work of memory than of genius. Men read Pope and the bard of his vastly inferior imitators; and as nothing in life is easier than to imp the monotonous jingle of the good old Queen Anne's heroic measure, these pieces

are written—read—perhaps not read—but certainly forgotten. “Romanus and Emilli” is by another “hand”—and is *not* written in blank verse, the author may take our word for it.

THOUGHTS ON SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS. BY DR. WHATLEY. LONDON. 1832.

WE should think as meanly of the head as of the heart of the man who should take exception to the spirit in which this excellent work has been conceived, and is written. We have known, seen it denounced in particular quarters, in a manner that leaves our charity in the predicament of supposing that political animosity and rancour have set apart no room for the cultivation or the encouragement of the more amiable and less exclusive feelings.

To some men every thing, of whatever nature, that tends or purposes to tend towards the amelioration or happiness of their fellow creatures, become instantly, because its end—a question. They are for things as they are;—they have gone on so long under the old system—innovation is dangerous—and the like. Such men are like the traveller in a circle of whom Dr. Wately speaks, and should be left to jog on at their own convenience and leisure, and a pleasant journey to them.

We wish our space permitted a fuller attention to this book than we are, unhappily, enabled to bestow; but we cannot refrain from extracting the following rather long passage, which, we think, propounds the theory of punishments in a philosophical spirit with which we could hope our modern legislators were likewise imbibed.

We may be allowed thus to premise the remark, that there are three, and only three objects, with a view to which punishments can be inflicted or threatened:—1st, *Retribution*, or vengeance;—a desire to allot a proportionate suffering to each degree of moral guilt, independent of any ulterior consideration, and solely with a view to the *past* ill-desert of the offender. 2dly, What may be called correction; the prevention of a *repetition* of offence by the *same* individual; whether by his reformation or removal. 3dly, The *prevention* of the offence, generally, by the terror of a punishment denounced; whether that object be attained by the *example* of a culprit suffering the penalty, or, simply, by the mere threat and *apprehension* of it. To these appropriate objects may be added another, *incidental* advantage, not belonging to *punishments, as such*, but common to them with other legislative enactments;—the public benefit, in an economical point of view, which may be, conceivably, derived directly from a punishment; as when criminals are usefully employed on any public work, so as to make in that way some compensation to society for the injury done to it. Such a compensation, however, we should remember, must necessarily be so very inadequate, that this object should always be made completely subordinate to the main end or ends proposed in the denunciation of punishment.

And what *is* to be regarded as the great object? All probably would admit, in the abstract, whatever they may do in practice, that it is the *prevention* of crime. As for the first of the purposes just enumerated, the infliction of just vengeance on the guilty, it is clearly out of *man's* province. Setting aside the consideration that the circumstances on which moral guilt depends, the inward motives of the offender, his temptations, and the opportunities he may have had of learning his duty, can never be perfectly known but to the searcher of hearts—setting aside this, it does not appear that man, even if the degrees of moral turpitude could be ascertained by him, would have a right to inflict on his fellow man any punishment whatever, whether heavy or light, of which the ultimate object should be the suffering of the offender. Such a procedure, in individuals, is distinctly forbidden by the founder of our religion, as a sinful revenge: and it does not appear how individual combined into a community can impart to that community any right which none of them individually possessed; can bestow, in short, *on themselves* what is not theirs to bestow.

FAMILY LIBRARY. NO. 34. LIVES OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES. VOL. II.
LONDON. 1832.

THE second volume of Mr. Tytler's interesting little work contains the concluding portion of the life of Robert Bruce, and the lives of Barbour, the early historian and poet—of Andrew Wynton, the ancient Chronicler of Scotland—of John de Fordun, an historian contemporary with Wynton, and of the royal poet and warrior, James the First of Scotland.

These lives are written in an easy and attractive style, and are well calculated to be popular with those—and where are they not?—to whom the early history of Scotland has been endeared by the works of that great man now lost to us for ever. But this is not the appropriate place to pay that affectionate respect.

THE MOSAICAL AND MINERAL GEOLOGIES. BY W. M. HIGGINS. LONDON. 1832.

WE perfectly agree with Mr. Higgins that they who deny the propriety of examining the Mosaical History, for the purpose of comparing it with science, insinuate its falsehood. It were indeed useless to argue the point with such persons. If they suppose that the world is to take things for granted upon bare assertion they are altogether under a mistake, and if the Mosaical History was true, as they profess to believe, surely no stronger confirmation of it can be afforded than its accordance with geological facts.

To compare the principles of Geology with the Mosaical History of the Creation, with a view to substantiate the latter, has been the object of the author in his very ingenious book, and we congratulate him upon the success with which he has been enabled to carry on his researches.

THE NEW GIL BLAS; OR, PEDRO OF PENAFLOR. BY HENRY D'INGLIS.
3 Vols. LONDON, 1832.

MR. INGLIS has been taken somewhat severely to task, for his presumption, in calling his book "THE NEW GIL BLAS," and for his scepticism in doubting, or, rather, for his audacity in denying the fame of the authorship of the celebrated "Gil Blas" to Le Sage.

In our opinion, he has been, in both cases, unjustly attacked. We grant that, on the first blush, it might be thought somewhat presumptuous in Mr. Inglis to appropriate to himself the title of a novel, which has been, perhaps, as extensively read, if not so universally admired, as the *Don Quixotte*, or the great work of our admirable Fielding—thereby seeming to insinuate, or to direct the public attention to the fact, that his own novel was equal to the original performance. We have ourselves been disgusted, of late, to perceive a vulgar and brawling coxcomb, with much modest coolness, sign himself "*Junius Redivivus*," as though his claim to that title were indisputable; *because* he possessed no one requisite that could justify his assumption of it. But we are inclined to believe, that it was from no motive of vanity, that the author of "*The New Gil Blas*" was induced to christen it by that name. It is impossible to read three chapters of his book, without perceiving that he has had that novel perpetually in his eye; and, forasmuch as he must shrewdly have suspected that, under any other name, it would smell as strong of its origin, he was led to adopt the title at once; thereby to glance off the stigma of servile imitation, which would otherwise attach to it.

With respect to the other matter—the authorship of *Gil Blas*—we opine that there cannot be much longer a question upon the point. We think that it has been decided, to the satisfaction of all those who choose to trouble themselves with a perusal of the several arguments for and against;—and of all who will consent, however reluctantly, to unshrine a favoured idol of many years' worship—that Le Sage was *not* the author of "*Gil Blas*." It is not, however, to be supposed, that so practised a writer as Le Sage would have worked up his Spanish manuscript materials so awkwardly—or, rather, that he would have

contented himself with so slight an alteration of them, as must inevitably have betrayed their Spanish origin; and we have no doubt, accordingly, that some portions of the work are interpolations of his own. We hold, that the ignorance of Spanish customs, displayed in some parts of the book, contrasted with the intimate knowledge betrayed in the remainder, go far to prove our position, that Le Sage was a mere compiler of other men's matter.

We frankly confess our incompetence to enter into this question, though with much personal examination into original sources; but, in addition to the very strong evidence adduced in two articles;—one in our own Magazine, a few months since; and the other, in the North American Review, a year or two ago, we have been furnished, by a Spanish gentleman of great learning, with one or two facts, that still further and more decently lay the question at rest.

The original "Gil Blas" is well known, by the learned in Spain, to have been a satire upon Philip the Third and Fourth; and its publication was consequently prohibited. The MSS. fell into the possession of the uncle of Le Sage, an attaché to the French Embassy; and hence its transference into the hands of Le Sage himself. Now, it is remarkable, that Le Sage, probably ignorant of the satirical intention of his manuscript, has retained, in his fourth volume, the names of certain courtiers satirized; which indicates its origin satisfactorily enough to the Spanish scholar. But there is another fact. The reader of Gil Blas will, doubtless; remember an episode entitled, or concerning, "The Canon of Valladolid." This is altogether a translation from an obscure Spanish writer, by name Marcos de Obregon, whose works are not so very scarce but they may be met with in the libraries of Spain. Whether, however, the authorship of "Gil Blas" is clearly proved to belong to Querubim (Querubin?) de La Ronda, as Mr. Inglis believes, we do not know.

A word or two about Mr. Inglis's book. It is written in a very easy and agreeable manner, and with a light and graceful humour, not a little pleasing to the reader. The incidents are many and various, such as occur in the life of a young Spanish scapegrace, Pedro of Penafior. We must, however, in justice say, that we take no prolonged interest in the fate of any of his characters; and, whether Mr. Inglis meant it or not, we cannot say, but he has drawn his hero a selfishly light-hearted, light-heeled, light-fingered, and light-principled vagabond, whom it is taxing our sympathies rather too highly, to care a pin about. Our hero, indeed, who, like Gil Blas, tells his own story, speaks of murders, deaths, and other matters, wherein he either officiates as minister, or in which he acts as principal, in a *procurante* style that altogether forbids our concern to expend itself. Mr. Inglis well knows the Horatian precept, "*Si vis me flere*," &c.; and when a man can paint well in oils, we are disappointed if we are presented with an outline in chalk.

Mr. Inglis, then, has, in our opinion, failed of making a very interesting novel, but he has given us a very vivid picture of Spanish habits, customs, and manners; and we are very much mistaken if Gil Blas itself does not owe its deserved celebrity to this latter merit, rather than to the interest of the story, or the drawing of his characters.

THE NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL RIGHT OF PROPERTY CONTRASTED. LONDON.
1832.

We have overlooked this book too long, and we proceed to make amends to the author for our unintentional neglect of his effusions. They are presented to the reader in the form of letters addressed to the Lord Chancellor, and are professedly written with a view to enforce the right of property, as the author is pleased to term them, against the artificial rights or claims of capital.

Without wishing to insinuate that our epistolary author intends to undermine what the great majority of the world has been hitherto taught to consider the indefeasible rights of property, by which, and property, we take leave to mean that which a man inherits, or attains by his own industry:—and certainly, without suspecting that he has the slightest notion that such is the tendency of

his writings, we must, nevertheless, assure him that his principles, once admitted to be true, and begun to be acted upon, would sweep away all rights whatever, now established, to make room for "natural" rights, which, in four and twenty hours after, would again be subject to the encroachments of "the artificial claims of capital."

Let us, however, hear, (for we have no space to enter upon this question at much length) how far our author is disposed to admit the efficacy of legislative interference in the affairs of the community.

"Allow me, first of all, to notice that the pretexts which the legislator puts forth, about preserving social order, and promoting public good, must not be confounded with his real object. The public good is not cognizable by human faculties; and he who pretends that his actions are guided by a view to that, is an impostor, who looks only to his own interest and ambition. To make that the pretended motive for action, is so obviously a mere pretext, as to need no further refutation. Nor is the pretext, that he promotes social order better founded. Social order is the mutual dependence of all those who contribute to the subsistence and welfare of society. It includes the manner in which they assist and protect each other, and provide for their mutual wants by the interchange of their respective products. If by social order, be meant the great scheme of social production, mutual dependence, and mutual service, which grows out of the division of labour, that scheme, I boldly assert, the legislator frequently contravenes, but never promotes—that grows from the laws of man's being, and precedes all the plans of the legislator, to regulate or preserve it. In fact, his attempts to keep in one state what is continually in progress are mischievous. We must then set aside as mere pretexts, the assertions of the legislator, that he intends to preserve social order, and promote the public welfare; and we must deal with legislation as solely intended to preserve the power and privileges of the legislator.

"Has he preserved that power? Is the authority of the legislator undiminished? Is it not rather questioned on every side? Look at theories overturned! and laws established; by the legislator? No; but by the great body of the people. Look at every one of his acts questioned by the press, and by the press set aside, or confirmed; the dominion which it has now acquired and which it exercises throughout Europe, being a full and complete refutation of the opinion that the legislator has preserved his power."

And again,

"Deceive yourself, my lord, and others no longer, but learn, from the history of the last few years, to study the laws, which impose on the legislator a necessity of obeying them. Since the time when I first began to take notice of public events, the conduct of the legislator, not merely in England, but in every other country of Europe, has been dictated by a tardy and unwilling, and in his case, a disgraceful obedience to public opinion. This power, my lord, has every where passed into decrepitude, and is merging in that possessed by the press, as the representative of the public reason."

But a little further on he adds,

"I admit that the legislator has wished to promote the happiness of nations, but I affirm that where he has interfered most, prosperity has been least, and I concluded, on this general view, that he has every where failed in his object."

Now, we should like to ask, what is the meaning of this prate? Our Letter-writer, starts with an assertion, that the professions of a legislator, are mere pretexts, the better to conceal his usual objects, which invariably tend to the maintenance of his own power; and within a page or two he admits, that "the legislator has wished to promote the happiness of nations."

But the legislator has, it seems, not been able to preserve his power. The great body of the people has always been of sufficient strength to keep him in check. We admit it; and also admit that it is well that it should be so. The object of the people should ever be to keep its own public functionaries in check. But under any conceivable form of government there must be legislation, and

there will be legislators; what then is the meaning of this use of the word "legislator" in a noxious sense?

Our author is one of the many half-formed and presumptuous meddlers in politics whom circumstances like the present, or a state of things like that which has just now past, and, we hope, is ere this subsiding, call into feverish and unquiet being. The race of political and superficial sciolists is never so numerous as when the state requires men of a far higher order; just as a man is never so certain of being pestered by quacks as when he is at the last gasp, or in the most urgent extremity.

THE LIFE OF ANDREW MARVELL. BY JOHN DOVE.—LONDON: 1832.

We heartily thank Mr. Dove for this well-timed publication; not but that we think a more copious and discriminating life of the patriot might easily have been compiled; at the same time that we are grateful for any account of a man who, far above the temptations of power or the allurements of place, kept his political faith unshaken and his political integrity unseduced and unmoved during as corrupt and unprincipled a reign as ever disgraced our English History—that of Charles II.

We think that the author of this interesting little book has hardly dwelt with sufficient earnestness of regard upon the friendship that subsisted between Marvell and the illustrious Milton, not only during the life of Cromwell but until the death of the poet. To have gained the confidence of Milton, and to have deserved his friendship, are of themselves sufficient evidence that Marvell was no common man.

Marvell was not only a signal friend to his country and to the people, but, emphatically, the real representative of his constituents. Had not his successors, at the same time that they guarded the best interests of their country, vigilantly watched over and enforced the peculiar claims of their constituents, as Marvell invariably did, we should never have heard the recent outcry for pledges, which, while they convert a deliberative assembly into a hapless mob of passive delegates, afford the anomalous spectacle of a synod of slaves sent to legislate for a nation of free men.

We strongly recommend the life of Marvell to the perusal of our readers.

A TREATISE ON THE EPIDEMIC CHOLERA. BY FRED. CORBYN. CALCUTTA: 1832.

OUR readers must bear with us while we record our opinion of this work. We know full well that the subject is not a little repulsive, and that the bare mention of it is sufficient to derange the propriety of the family circle. They may, perhaps, be prone to imagine that,

Though we are not *choleric* nor rash,
Yet have we in us something dangerous;

but we assure them that we are the most uncontagious of mortals, and that our blue stage is at most but a periodical visitation of ague demons by which the brotherhood of the quill and inkhorn are especially afflicted.

Mr. Corbyn's work is the most elaborate treatise which we have ever had—shall we say the pleasure? of meeting with, upon the epidemic cholera of India. We must confess our inability to decide the disputes between the contagionists and infectionists; nor can we settle to a certainty the point at issue with the faculty, whether the English cholera be a modification of the Indian pestilence, or a disease set up on its own account. We should, probably, by our decision, even if we felt our own competence, more embroil the fray.

We can only say that Mr. Corbyn's book not only comprises a history of the Indian cholera, but is fraught with all the conceivable information upon the subject which a long residence in India, and a most extensive practice, have furnished him with the means of obtaining.

THE DOCTRINES OF MAN. BY ROBERT MILLHOUSE. LONDON. 1832.

WE are not of those who conceive that because a tailor turns his attention to rhyme he must therefore be a natural genius; or that there is any thing very extraordinary in the fact that cobblers write verses in these times. The elements of the English language acquired, and the composition of verse is equally open to all.

The marvel then (if there be any cause of wonder at all) when a poem like the one before us is produced, is not that Robert Millhouse, a Nottingham weaver, should have written poetry, but that he should have possessed sufficient energy of mind to overcome the circumstances with which he has been surrounded. Genius is not aristocratical; and, a Millhouse is a better poet than my lord.

If the poem before us were of the common order;—if there were no evidences of genius in it; if it were, in short, “very tolerable, and not to be endured,” we should feel it our duty to discourage the author from proceeding in a vexatious course of labour which usually brings with it more trouble and anxiety than profit or pleasure. We are unlike Mr. Southey—we do not choose to encourage some great obscure, *because* his lucubrations should rather tend to keep him in obscurity; nor do we think that the itch for rhyme is in itself a meritorious sensation. We rather imagine that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred verse writing is another of the many resorts of vanity, and is pretty much on a par with the cultivation of arranging whiskers—the ostentation of inordinate rings, and the careful negligence of the shirt collar.

But our friend Millhouse is a man of the right stamp. He has a spark of the fire in his breast, and it is our duty, no less than our inclination, to help to kindle it into a glowing and equable flame by the breath of our applause.

“The Destinies of Man,”—*quasi*—a poetical contrivance has few claims to approbation. It is made up for the most part of reflections upon the works of God, and the doings of human kind, equally illustrative of man’s destinies—and is carried on without much self-progressive or convulsive motion. But there are several passages indicating real genius, and we present our readers with a specimen which we think will establish that opinion with them. It is a portion of a description of the Deluge—so often attempted.

“What congregated multitudes were there!
Men of five centuries, still fierce in crime;
Those giants of their race, unused to fear,
With looks majestic, but not sublime:
There matrons old, in nothing grave but time;
And warriors, ardent in the bloom of years;
And virgin beauty, fading in its prime;
And youthful brides, sad wasting in their tears;
And wild despair, and madness, scowling towards the spheres.”

“And there came on, in resistless love of life,
Domestic flocks and herds, with hurrying pace;
And beasts of prey, not yet subdued from strife;
The antelope, and roebuck of the chace,
Bounding to ’scape from death—and in that space,
The reptiles crept along the slippery ground;
Or clung to man, with horrible embrace:
The vulture, over head, in wheeling round,
Screamed; or alighting fierce, his dying victim found.”

Mr. Millhouse has published his little volume with a view to aid, by its sale, his meritorious but insufficient daily labours for his family and for himself. We call upon the lovers of poetry to do themselves a pleasure and a service by the purchase of this book, and we promise them that they will find much reason to be delighted with a fresh taste of the genuine Helicon—in these days of spirituous purity and Thames water filth.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. By M. DONOVAN, Esq. LONDON. 1832.

THERE is a vast mass of instructive information to be met with in this volume by the student of chemistry. We cannot, however, altogether approve of certain omissions designedly made by the author, upon the plan that such information, so omitted, and confessedly considered necessary and useful to the chemical student, is to be found in distinct treatises contributed to Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia. We think that the several volumes comprising that Cyclopædia, of which the Elements of Chemistry is one, should have been kept entirely separate and distinct, and that rather than any reference should be made to the volumes which are especially devoted to those parts of science of which it is indispensable that the student of chemistry should possess some knowledge—a brief explanation should have been given of them. In all other respects Mr. Donovan appears to have executed his task with the greatest ability, and we have no doubt that in the estimation of those competent to judge, this work will run high as a popular scientific treatise.

THE FAIRIES' FANCY BALL. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS AT COURT." POOLE AND EDWARDS. 1832.

LIGHT and airy, elegant and graceful as every thing belonging to fairies ought to be, this is a charming little poetical pursuit for youth. It is calculated to instruct as well as to delight, for the author—evidently a lady—gives proof of an intimate acquaintance not only with the "mystic spell of verse," but with the beautiful arcona of entomology and botany. Want of room alone prevents our extracting the truly picturesque lines illustrating the beauty and magnificence of the Swiss landscape.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM. A POLITICAL SATIRE. LONDON. 1832.

THIS is like "Venice, a Poem," altogether a mistake on the part of the author. We had hoped that the school of theme-writers in verse was at an end. What possible good can come of this forcible seizure of all the recent but worn-out political questions that agitate Europe, for the purpose of introducing the old cant—for it is cant—about liberty, freedom, and what not—very good things in their way, no doubt—as no one can or dare deny, but impertinencies when their names are used as mere words to which every reader may affix any meaning he pleases.

Nor is the execution better than the choice of subject. When we see in a poem an allusion to the deadly influence of the upas tree—a reference to Greece—to Sparta—a hint about Marathon—an old line revived, like this:—

"Oh Liberty! thou precious boon of heaven."

we see, with a heavy heart, that the author is far gone. We close the book, and can read no more.

Let us, then, kindly hint to the author that he is no poet, and in all human probability never will be—and that a sundry repetition of phrases from Goldsmith, Campbell and others, is not only wearisome and nauseous, but uncalled for and unkind. We also have read these authors.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WE have observed general complaints from the western and part of the northern districts, of the lateness and backwardness of the harvest. This has resulted materially from the week or ten days rain towards the end of last month, and in too many quarters, from the want of expedition in the farmers, who now complain that this lengthened harvest has eminently contributed to shorten their

stock of two important stores—beer and bacon. In the most fertile and forward counties harvest was finished by the middle of this month, one or two backward crops excepted, which were then in hand. The first week of next month is expected to exhibit a universal finish. In Ireland, as usual, they precede us by a week or ten days, but we do not receive from thence such magnificent accounts of the crops as have been circulated in this country, they even report this year's crop of wheat inferior to the last in quantity and quality. As we had taken for granted, and for the reasons which are assigned in our last, the farmer generally have raced with each other which should be first at the ending post of the market; this, joined with the import, has contributed to a considerable reduction of price, which some say will not be permanent, but the constant import of corn, seeds, &c. from the Continent, from Ireland and Canada, will no doubt prevent any considerable rise of price, and should the next be a plentiful harvest, we shall subsequently see wheat and bread at lower prices than have been witnessed of late years. The crops on the best parts of the Continent have been good, and the farmers, like our own, and probably for similar reasons, have been alert at furnishing the markets, even by forced sales at auction, in the mean time their stocks of old corn are considerable. The harvest, in their earliest counties, finished early in the present month, but we are not aware as yet of any import of wheat from thence.

The superior samples of new wheat outbid the old in price, but there is a considerable quantity in a soft and moist state, and otherwise damaged and unfit for grinding, the case also of the barley, that crop, however, seems to have been generally abundant. As to the wheat on the best soils, experience and the state of the markets have, in a great degree, confirmed the general opinion of a rich crop, and in certain of those favoured districts which we have before pointed out, they boast of carrying from the harvest field ten loads of wheatsheaves per acre. This surely promises from the richest soils upwards of a load of wheat from an acre of land. We lately adverted to the error of cutting wheat green, and have since been informed from many quarters, particularly westward, that the practice, in the present season, has prevailed to excess, and been attended with serious ill consequences.

The crop of oats appears equal to our former good opinion, and they have suffered less injury than other corn from the late unfavourable seasons. Tares, though plentiful in the market, are in general demand, as also seeds, our deficient quantity of which is made up by the foreign supply, which, however complained of by our farmers, has been of late years, and is always, to a certain degree, literally indispensable for the support of our greatly increased population. Our stock of old wheat seems proved to be full as low as has been generally stated, had it been otherwise the markets would have had a fall indeed. This year's wheat crop has also been superior in the number of acres, and such is the report from Ireland, and materially from the Continent. Another favourable turn of fortune's wheel—the week's rain before adverted to in a different sense, have so benefitted the *lost* turnip crop, that the roots are improved to such a degree as to promise even an average upon the best soils; the case also of the mangel wurtzel, whilst those pasture lands which had been fed bare, and burned up by the solar heat and by drought, are now in a flourishing state. Rape and summer cletches, particularly in the western counties, are unproductive. Potatoes are a fine and productive crop, though slightly specked with blight. Peas, every where a short crop, are of fine quality. Beans, perhaps an average on the best lands, come to market in a soft state. On hops we must wait for information; on some sheltered situations they are improved, on the exposed, covered with blight and vermin. Independently of a former opinion of public forbearance in the consumption of fruit, it has proved that the crop is generally productive, of vegetables—eminently so.

As usual, our markets, town and country, have been amply supplied with live stock, with some slight autumnal depreciation. Notwithstanding our very considerable losses of sheep by the rot, during several seasons, there need be no apprehension of a scarcity of mutton; at the great fair of Wilton there

were ten thousand more sheep penned than in the last year. The wool market is still a blank, and even lower prices are offered. Our great foreign supply of a superior commodity, in all but the long combing wool, seems likely to continue this state of the market. Pigs hold their price, with some advance in the bacon counties; they are, moreover, likely to be much wanted to make riddance of the damaged barley. The common run of horses have sold rather more freely at the late fairs; but as rail-roads become more general, and should the steam-carriages succeed, the need of horses must be greatly diminished.

In the late annual shows of improved sheep, the great and patriotic Coke, of Holkham, exhibited the finest lot of South Downs, yet with the objection that they were too large. Generally, it would be well if the farmers and stock-breeders of the country would take lessons from this long-experienced, able, and most successful cultivator and improver. A sale of the whole flock of pure Leicester sheep, also, of Mr. Stone, of Barrow, has lately taken place, the principal purchasers being Mr. Pawlet and Sir Tatton Sykes. The average price of ewes and sheaves, we believe, was 3*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, somewhat less than was expected; but the important business of harvest and other considerations operated against any numerous attendance. Some of the rams were unsold, though the lot was much admired for growth and symmetry. Old Bakewell certainly succeeded in his plan, both of public and private interest, by satiating the craving maw of the great leviathan with economic grease.

The letters from the country, whether MS. or in Essays P. P. do not cease to teem with the subject of CURRENCY*—a more extensive currency, which is to remedy all our mishaps, and to fill our empty pockets. Now we do not mean to dictate, but merely to doubt; but after long and painful consideration, we are compelled to attribute our national trading impediments to a different cause. We are ready to allow, that an entire paper circulation would be far more economical than a metallic one, but such an advantage is infinitely outweighed by its obvious danger. Now there would be probably a portion of similar peril under existing circumstances, of any addition to the present stock of paper money, since it would have the effect of increasing that spirit of overtrading and excessive speculation, which some of the most profound and experienced judges of the subject deem the real and only cause of the present distress. It is not in *proof* that there is any present deficiency, whether of gold or paper, or that any speculation or transaction, public or private, is impeded by such a cause; for who ever hears, in these golden days, of a disappointment in the building of a church, a playhouse, a bridge, or a bazaar, from a want of the needful? Nay, were it expedient or practicable to construct a rail-road reaching to the world in the moon, there is not a shadow of doubt but that subscriptions for so noble a speculation would be instantly filled. Suppose a man has a desire to make a purchase, of whatever kind, granting that he possess the *right*, money or good paper will flow spontaneously into his hands. If otherwise, and he is aided by an increased paper currency, he incurs a debt which he must somehow or other repay. No wonder that country bankers are enthusiastic advocates for more paper.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*—Mutton, 2*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.*—Lamb, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 10*d.*—Veal, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.*—Pork, 3*s.* to 5*s.*; Dairy ditto, 5*s.* 4*d.*

Game.—Hares, 4*s.* to 5*s.*—Grouse, 8*s.* Birds, 4*s.* the brace. The very extensive sale of Leverets in the metropolis and great towns, since the Game Act, must have the effect of ultimately reducing the stock of that species of game.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46*s.* to 64*s.*—Barley, 30*s.* to 39*s.*—Oats, 17*s.* to 25*s.*—London Loaf, 4lb. 10*d.*—Hay, 55*s.* to 84*s.*—Clover, ditto, 65*s.* to 115*s.*—Straw, 30*s.* to 36*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool as per our last.

Middesex, Sept 24.

* We insert these remarks on currency from respect to our old and valued correspondent; our own opinion on that subject will be seen elsewhere—Ed.